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Massachusetts Society

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER-----FOR THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

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DARLING & KEITH,

41 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.

Editorial.

NOVEMBER FARM HINTS.

In calling the attention of readers of the FARMER to the varied farm duties peculiar to the [illegible] months of autumn, it is not supposable that every duty will be mentioned in full. Many of our readers know better what work is most in need of attention [illegible] but, in a territory extending through more than five degrees of latitude there is always a marked difference in climate and the length of the seasons. The farmers along the shore of Long Island Sound are planting their peas and early potatoes when those of northern Vermont and Aroostook county are having their maple sap in sleds over deep snow banks, and in November, while the latter are closing up their cellars and putting everything in snug condition for winter, those living in the more southern section are getting in their late crops of roots and cabbages, and are ploughing their ground for late seeding or for early planting the following year.

We have sometimes questioned whether these monthly farm work hints were not in the main unheeded for, but when readers inform us that these timely suggestions have often saved them a good deal of waste and loss by having their attention called at the proper time to things which otherwise might have been forgotten, we have had our faith renewed. When neighbors meet, the most common topics of conversation are, the condition of the crops and how the work comes on. "Have you done planting?" "Is your grass ready to cut?" "Is the corn ripening up well?" "How are you going to do this, and how that, this year?" "Hallos! I see you have gathered your squashes. Well, it does look as if we might have a frost tonight if the wind goes down. I will go right home now and gather mine. I was so busy I don't know as I should have thought of it if I had not seen yours lying here in the sun."

The most successful farmers are always looking ahead and planning their work for next week, next month or next year, and the really ambitious ones often plan a good deal more than they find time to execute. But the planning does no harm. Farmers have intended generally to harvest and house their field corn before the beginning of this month, but with most of us the weather has, in more senses than one, been a damper on our best laid plans. The last month has been a gloomy month for doing any kind of harvesting; floods, fog, mist and rain, have followed each other day after day, and now, with promise of better weather, we find our work much of it about where it was several weeks ago. Corn that was stooked so that it could stand, has kept in fair condition, though there will be plenty of soft corn to feed out early to the fattening hogs. It is entirely useless to crib green soft corn in large masses, or to stow away the fodder when it is so damp that it will not in the stook or mow. It had better remain in the stook till it can be kept safely and sound. Where one has plenty of room, the ears will dry gradually if spread thinly and shovelled over every few days to prevent moulding, and the fodder will keep better if packed in layers with thoroughly dry grain straw.

The corn crop of the country is coming in much better than was believed possible during the summer, but it is late, and the harvest season has not been favorable; much care will be required in finishing it off ready for winter storage. The two or three excessively hot weeks during September and October were also rather hard on the potato crop. Potatoes dug in hot weather, and immediately piled in large bins, or stowed by the hundreds of bushels in tight box cars, are quite sure to be injured more or less. They may not rot in the same way they do in the field when struck by blight, but every bruised place will turn black, and if there is much heat the whole mass may be nearly ruined. Potatoes require a degree of cooling and drying before they are fit to be stored in large piles. The crop is not all out of the ground yet, but it should be secured now, as expeditiously as possible.

The beets for the table, the mangolds and the turnips and cabbages should be harvested now, before taking the risk of having them frozen in. Cabbages and turnips will bear quite a degree of frost, but hard freezing seriously injures them, and a large lot frozen in is certainly nothing to be proud of. A crop that is worth growing is worth taking care of after it has grown. The refuse leaves of the cabbages and the tops of the roots should all be utilized, if possible, by feeding to stock, for fodder will not be plenty next spring, and food wasted now will be missed then. In feeding such green stuff to milch cows, care should be taken to keep it fresh and sweet till fed. Heating turnip leaves and rotting cabbages are not safe to feed to cows in milk. There has been a great deal of discussion as to the proper time to feed such material to cows. From our own experience, we have been led to believe that if one will [illegible] with care, and increase the amount given quite gradual[illegible] a pretty liberal quantity may be fed daily, and the time of day will have little influence on the flavor of the milk, cream, or butter, remembering always to have the green [illegible] fresh and free from fermentation.

The [illegible] month for farm stock [illegible] government [illegible] sensation. The [illegible] in the fields is of little [illegible] many farmers are reluctant about commencing upon their hay mows, so the cows shrink, and the other stock fails to gain as it should. We should remember that there is no profit in feeding just enough to keep an animal from growing poor. All that is given is then wasted, while a liberal feeding will bring a profit. The profit all comes from the few pounds of extra food given, above that required merely to maintain existence. The surplus stock of all kinds should be fed well, and turned off as early as practicable.

November is not the best time for seeding down land to grass, but if, on account of unfavorable weather during the early autumn, there is land that ought to be seeded, we should not hesitate to try the experiment early this month. We would sow winter rye with the grass, which will probably come up and help protect it against the alternate freezing and thawing of the winter season. Grass often does well sown quite late, and on the whole, the chances may be quite as favorable as it put off till spring. The rye should be cut next spring before it gets beyond the bloom, then it will be out of the way of the grass, and a fair crop of hay may be expected a few weeks later. Winter does not often set in in earnest this month, but it is well to get as near ready for it as possible.

JERSEY BUTTER.

The Largest Yield on Record--Mr. Darling's Cow Bomba.

In these days of big stories as to milk and butter records, most of which depend only upon the testimony of interested parties, or are open to the suspicion of carelessness in weighing and measuring, or at least of unintentional error, an experiment like the following is well worth recording, and of being carefully studied. Mr. Burnett's name itself is a sufficient guaranty not only that the experiment was conducted fairly, but also that it was made intelligently, and that no single circumstance which could affect the absolute correctness of the result, was forgotten or disregarded. The cow Bomba is the property of Mr. A. B. Darling of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City. The test was made under the auspices of the American Jersey Cattle Club, at Mr. Darling's request, and is as complete and thorough as any such test could be expected to be. From the circumstances under which it was made, it is entitled to be considered an "official record," and, as such, we believe, is the largest butter yield on record. The following is Mr. Burnett's report:—

Gentlemen and Fellow-Directors of the A. J. C. C.:—In accordance with my proposal, which you approved at your last meeting, I went to Darlington to witness the test of Mr. Darling's cow Bomba, and beg to submit to you the following report:—

The test was taken for the week from Oct. 6 to 12, inclusive, and during this time Bomba was milked in my presence night and morning; her milk was weighed personally by me, directly after each milking, and it was never out of my sight until it was placed, under seal, in a small cellar room, set apart for this purpose.

The milk was strained into old-fashioned Liverpool pans, and taken out to be churned at the end of four days. No one entered the room except in my presence, the one window being sealed with my private seal, and the door, beside the seal, being fastened with a Swedish padlock. The milk and cream, at the end of four days, when it became lobbered, were churned together in a small Blanchard churn.

Having completed the week's milkings, and superintended the first three churnings, I was obliged to return home, but Mr. John Mayer, an old personal friend, and manager of Mr. T. A. Havemeyer's Mountain Side farm, kindly consented to take my key and seal, and to conduct the fourth, fifth and sixth churnings, the result of which he reported to me daily by telegraph.

The pasture into which Bomba was turned night and morning, after milking, contained about four acres, and it had been seeded in the spring with clover and oats. Four or five colts had fed there for the past two months, but the grass was from two to four inches high, and thickly set. The grain I fed to her myself night and morning just before milking time. On Wednesday, Oct. 11, after Bomba had been out all day in a northeast storm, at my advice she was put into a loose box and had a warm mash, with plenty of corn fodder. You will notice the effects of this in her last day's yield.

On the Monday previous to the test a swelling about the size of a goose egg was discovered upon Bomba's udder, midway between and just above the two left-hand teats; there was some inflammation at that time, but it gradually subsided, and before the end of the week's test was almost gone.

Bomba, 10,330, dropped Oct. 12, 1879, by Duke of Darlington, 2160, out of Beauty of Darlington, 7736; weight 880 pounds. Her last calf June 16, 1882; her color is fawn, with black points; she is of a perfect wedge shape, with deep barrel; her udder is almost perfect in form, with large and widespread teats, and meandering milk veins larger than a man's thumb, and corresponding milk holes. The escutcheon is curveline, but not remarkable; extending down from the vulva are large swelling veins, so rarely found, except in our best cows. She shows but little richness of skin, and has considerable hair on the udder. The horns are small and without much quality, rather straight and running upward abruptly from the head like the Alphea cows; but the butter is of good quality and color. Her general form is like Jersey Belle of Scituate, with a modified Eurotas head. She shows splendid constitution, and a perfect indifference to all surroundings except her feed.

DATE OF MILKING.	WEATHER.	Av'age thermometer.	Amount of grain fed twice a day at each feed.	Amount of milk A. M.	Amount of milk P. M.	Date of churning.	Condition of cream and milk temperature.	Time of churning.	Amount of washed and worked butter.
Oct. 6, 1882	Rain	52 deg.	6 lbs. middlings, 1 qt. corn	16 lbs. 10 oz.	15 lbs. 1 oz.	Oct. 10	Sour, 62 deg.	30 min.	3 lbs. 10½ oz.
Oct. 7, 1882	Foggy, clearing P. M.	60 deg.	6 lbs. middlings, 1 qt. corn	16 lbs. 2 oz.	14 lbs. 1 oz.	Oct. 11	Sour, 62 deg.	45 min.	3 lbs. 12 oz.
Oct. 8, 1882	Clear	70 deg.	6 lbs. middlings, 1 qt. corn	15 lbs. 14 oz.	14 lbs. 13 oz.	Oct. 12	Sour, 61 deg.	35 min.	3 lbs. 12 oz.
Oct. 9, 1882	Foggy, clear A. M.	62 deg.	6 lbs. middlings, 1 qt. corn	15 lbs. 3 oz.	14 lbs. 6 oz.	Oct. 13	Sour, 63 deg.	45 min.	3 lbs. 4 oz.
Oct. 10, 1882	Clear	58 deg.	6 lbs. middlings, 1 pt. corn meal, 1 pt. linseed meal	14 lbs. 6 oz.	13 lbs. 3 oz.	Oct. 14	Sour, 60 deg.	45 min.	3 lbs. 2 oz.
Oct. 11, 1882	Rain	56 deg.	6 lbs. middlings, 1 pt. corn meal, 1 pt. linseed meal	13 lbs. 4 oz.	12 lbs. 4 oz.	Oct. 15	Sour, 60 deg.	45 min.	2 lbs. 13 oz.
Oct. 12, 1882	Cold N. E. storm . .	46 deg.	6 lbs. middlings, 1 pt. corn meal, 1 pt. linseed meal	14 lbs. 4 oz.	13 lbs. 4 oz.	Oct. 16	Sour, 62 deg.	35 min.	3 lbs. 6½ oz.
			Total milk 265 pounds 6 ounces.						
			Total butter 21 pounds 11¼ ounces.						

EDWARD BURNETT.

Deerfoot Farm, Southboro, Mass., Oct. 23.

—According to Secretary Gold's latest Report, agriculture in Connecticut may be considered a more than ordinarily remunerative business, none of the farms in Middlesex County, for instance, yielding a return of less than 5 per cent on the capital, while several gave 20 per cent, and one as high as 28 per cent.

STEAM ON THE FARM.

As much as steam has done towards revolutionizing our industries in furnishing the power to manufacture almost every kind of article used by man, and to transport his merchandise swiftly and safely across both land and sea, it has as yet failed to greatly lighten the labor of tilling the soil or of transporting farm products over the fields or common roads. Many attempts have been made within the past two hundred years to build a steam plough that could be used on our common hill farms at a profit over animal power, and also to construct steam carriages for transporting merchandise over ordinary roads, but such steam apparatus has not come into general use.

In the year 1873, Prof. Levi Stockbridge read an essay before the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture at the annual meeting held in the State House, in which he reviewed somewhat at length the history of steam power as applied to agriculture in this and other countries. At that date, a steam plough had been successfully used in England, but it was a cumbersome machine to move about, the work of ploughing being done with ropes wound and unwound at the ends of the fields by a stationary power, or by endless ropes traversing the field back and forth between the engine and an anchor at the opposite side of the work.

The State of Illinois some years ago, offered a premium of $3000 for a successful steam plough, and under the impetus of this offer John W. Fewkes of Pennsylvania, constructed a traction steam plough in 1857, which was tried, and found so successful the following year that the committee pronounced it a success, and awarded it the premium, but at a later trial it utterly failed and was soon abandoned. Several machines that have been invented for the double purpose of hauling loads and cultivating the soil, have been so heavy that they were not safe to use upon the bridges of our common highways, and would mire in the soft, mellow soil of our own fields. A steam engine that, like a contrary horse, balks at every mud hole or sharp hill, is of course useless for common work.

About a year ago, we alluded to a traction steam engine exhibited at the fair of the Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute in this city, by Mr. Wm. G. Clark of Chelsea, which gave promise of at least marking a step in the progress of steam power on our farms and common roads. From a note recently received from Mr. Clark, we learn that the machine has been put to the practical test the past few weeks in threshing grain, and also in hauling a pair of ploughs to turn over a field of sod. The machine using its own power, has travelled around from farm to farm to do the threshing in some three or more towns in Plymouth county, and over the sandy roads of that section of the State it found no difficulty in moving about, and it also ascended grades where the rise was several hundred feet to the mile. Could a safe and reliable steam power engine be made that would prove reliable over our common highways, and for hauling loads and ploughs over cultivated fields, it would certainly work another revolution in agricultural methods equal to that brought about by the introduction of the horse power machines which now do our mowing and grain harvesting, in place of the old style hand labor. Like many other inventors, Mr. Clark has found pecuniary difficulties to hinder and embarrass him in his work. The engine, as shown at the fair, was evidently too small for the work required of it, but with such apparent success as has been already achieved, the highest hopes of the inventor should ere long be reached.

We need upon our New England farms, some form of machine that can use up our surplus forest growth in place of the good hay and grain required to feed our team horses, thus leaving us a larger proportion of our fodder for the manufacture of milk, butter and beef for human consumption. Under our present customs the horse is the most abused of all our farm animals, and the successful introduction of steam would bring to these faithful and patient animals great relief.

DAIRY FIGURES.

In the last issue of the FARMER we promised to further discuss the profits of dairying as suggested by the letters of R. F. S. and our Foxboro' correspondent, D. who, it seems, is satisfied that his own dairy is not actually running him behind, though it may appear to do so when the figures are put upon paper. Now in the first place we shall claim that D. makes a mistake when he charges his cows for the hay they consume, at the price it will sell for in market. We are not saying that he should not get as much for his hay made into butter as it would bring sold as hay. He ought to do as well as that if he can. Some farmers are doing even better than that, as we showed by our extracts from the report of the Secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture. But what we do say is that it is possible to sell hay in the form of milk or butter at a lower rate than it would bring as raw material, *without incurring a real loss*, for where hay is sold off from the farm the fertility of the farm is sold with the hay, and sooner or later there is no farm left that is worth working. Selling hay from ordinary farms, without buying manure or fertilizer to return to the land, is a business that can not be self sustaining. Feeding hay and selling butter, fat beef and pork, is a business, which if judiciously followed, will keep up, and usually increase the productive capacity of all ordinary farms. These are assertions, but we believe they are correct ones. If they are correct, then a farmer who is making butter from cows fed exclusively upon the products of his own land, when figuring up the cost of his butter, beef or pork, need take no account of the market prices of the products fed, but only the cost of growing them. The items of cost will include labor, whether his own or hired, interest on capital, taxes and wear and tear of stock and tools. If butter making is the sole or chief business done on a farm, and there is a surplus of cash in the treasury at the end of each year *not required for meeting the expenses of carrying on the business*, then it is pretty evident that there has been a profit made somewhere. It may be figured on the hay or on the grain fed, on the labor performed, or on the butter and other products finally sold, or the profits may be divided upon each division. In the same way, a successful railroad corporation, manufacturing its own rolling stock and mining or cutting its own fuel upon its own land, might figure its profits on the freights carried, or on the manufacturing or mining departments as it might choose, and no one would be injured provided *all* its stockholders were jointly interested in each department of the several industries carried on.

If a railroad company find that they can build their engines and cars at less cost than they can buy them, they will build them provided they have sufficient capital to carry on the extra amount of business. If the profits on building their own rolling stock are large, they may carry freights at an apparent loss, and yet "one hand will wash the other."

Butter making, if figured as a business separate and independent of other departments of the farm, must take account of the hay and grain consumed at market prices. If then, the business can be carried on at a profit, one might purchase all the food consumed. That butter making is not often carried on in that way is sufficient evidence that it is not, or would not be, profitable if so carried on. The competition on the part of farmers who raise their own hay and feed it at home with no expense for carting, and also for the purpose of keeping the manure for their own farms, is too great to allow of much profit from such a method of dairying. No capitalist to our knowledge has ever attempted such an undertaking. So we must admit that butter making, either in Bowdoinham, Maine, or Foxboro', Mass., can not be made profitable, as a rule, if the food for the cows is all purchased. Still we have not a doubt that forage crops can be turned into cash to better advantage through the churn or the milk can, both in Maine and Massachusetts, than if sold as raw material in the open market.

Whether it shall be milk or butter is another question. It is a question too whether it is better to grow hay, or to devote the land to strawberries, or some other fruit. The location of the farm, and the taste or ability of the individual must decide these questions. We should have no hesitation whatever in undertaking to turn the hay upon a good Maine farm into first class butter. It can be done too, at profit in Eastern Massachusetts, if all the advantages of the location are seized upon. But twenty-five cent butter will not pay as well for making in Eastern Massachusetts where the land is poor and pastures scarce, as in Maine where the conditions are more favorable.

We are willing to admit that making twenty-five cent butter offers very little encouragement to a dairyman who depends chiefly upon good hay for his cattle food. The milk farmers are learning that cheaper forms of food must be used in order to secure any considerable profit from their business, where the milk is made near the large cities and manufacturing towns. Butter makers near Boston are pressed too severely by the farmers living on the cheap, rich lands of Northern New England and the West, to be able to make cheap butter from dear food. The surburban farmer has the advantage of cheap city wastes, from the breweries and hotel and family kichens, for producing cheap products, and he has also a limited market for extra choice products at prices that will pay for using only choice materials in their manufacture, and for doing their work in the neatest and most thorough manner. The highest priced butter sold in Boston is chiefly made upon farms not very far away from the market. The consumers of such butter are willing to pay something for the assurance that their weekly or semi-weekly allowance will be forthcoming promptly on time each delivery day. A farmer living near the city can be much more sure of reaching his customers regularly, than can one who is one or two hundred miles away, particularly in winter, when country roads and railroads are subject to snow blockades.

Although it has never been our practice to recommend farmers in the immediate vicinity of cities and large villages to invest very heavily in butter making, and we have never claimed that there is an unlimited demand for fancy butter, yet we have little doubt that a really good butter maker could find a place to sell all the really first class butter he would be likely to make, at prices considerably above the wholesale quotations for northern and eastern butter. There is a demand in almost every town in New England for better butter than the village store keeper can find for his customers. New England gets a large part of her butter from the West in tubs, and while it is new it is fairly good, but there would be sale, at better prices, for a really first class article, delivered fresh and sweet and put up in an attractive manner by a country neighbor with whom the customer is acquainted and in whom he can place full confidence on the score of neatness. Good cows too, ought to make about 200 pounds of butter per year. If this can be sold at thirty five or forty cents per pound and the food is chiefly grown upon the farm, it will not be very difficult to see how the ship is kept afloat.

THE POTATO TRADE OF HOULTON.—From the customs office books at Houlton, Me., we learn that the number of car loads of Aroostook County potatoes shipped from Houlton Station, in the year ending April, 1877, was 398. In 1878, 274 car loads were sent off. In 1879, 417 car loads; in 1880, 642 cars and in 1881 the shipments reached 883 car loads. The crop of 1881 was lighter, only 542 car loads being sent off. A car carries 375 bushels, making for the best year a total of 331,125 bushels. It is expected that there will be many more sent off this year than ever before, the yield being heavy and the demand brisk. The beetles have caused but little annoyance in Aroostook as yet, and we saw but one diseased potato among the hundreds of bushels examined.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

—It is said that painting the bark of fruit trees with blood will effectually prevent rabbits from gnawing them.

—Black corn has been raised in Livingston Co., New York. It is described as being as black as an African, as sweet as sugar, and retains all these attributes when cooked.

—The *Southern World* says that fresh beef from the north is shipped in refrigerators into the interior of Georgia, which country, it says, is as good a grazing section as there is in the world.

—The fifth annual fat stock show at Chicago, under the auspices of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture, will open at the Exposition building on Thursday, Nov. 16.

—With regard to the much discussed question as to whether bees injure grapes, a correspondent of the *Fruit Recorder* says that "black bees" do not, but that since the Italian bees and their crosses have become common, they have ruined three-fourths of his best grapes, not leaving a bunch until every berry is sucked dry.

—The failure of the apple crop in Western New York is attributed to the cold, wet weather during and after blossoming. The best apples raised in this section are usually grown on rather heavy and cold soil, and on this land the failure is worst. Apples were a long time in blossom and the few that set were almost invariably stung by the codling moth.

—Professor Beal furnishes a statement to the *Rural New Yorker*, that a neighbor who was a poor cultivator had ripe tomatoes two weeks before some of his neighbors, simply because his soil was poor and had not been manured, while the neighbors had rich soil, which kept the plants growing with more luxuriance, with later ripening of the fruit.

—The *Examiner* recommends the saving of potato vines, to be used for covering strawberry beds in the winter. If spread thinly over the beds as soon as the ground is frozen, they will afford sufficient protection during the cold weather, and when spring comes, will be found so rotted away as not to interfere with the growth of the plants. They have also the advantage of containing no weed seeds.

—The English flockmaster has settled two points in British experience: First, that mutton is more profitable than wool, and, second, that among English mutton consumers there is a decided preference for Down or black-faced mutton. Tender, juicy flesh, with a fine grain and a rich flavor, ripe and yet carrying plenty of lean meat, is that which suits the English market. A combination of these qualities is found to most perfection in some of the black or gray-faced breeds or their crosses. This preference on the part of buyers is so marked that the butcher is enabled to give at least 2 cents per pound more for darkened mutton than for any of the white-faced and long-wooled sheep.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

BARBED WIRE FENCE—RESPONSIBILITY OF OWNERS.

I wish to inquire, through the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, if barbed wire fence, built on a line between different closes, would make the builder responsible in case cattle should get injured in trying to break through the same? I may have occasion to use wire in the future and would like to know the legal points in the case. D. K. PAINE.

North Wilbraham.

REMARKS.—We have known of no decisions where owners of barbed wire fences have been held for damages caused to animals that were attempting to break through and trespass upon adjoining land, nor do we believe that damages could be recovered in such a case. It will not do for a man to dig a well in the public highway and leave it open for travellers to fall in, nor has one a right to dig a well upon his *own* land in a locality where persons would naturally travel, as in the path from the street to his door, unless such well is protected in some manner so that persons would not be likely to fall in.

But wells are a necessity and must be dug somewhere, and so long as they are dug in proper locations and are reasonably well secured against becoming traps for men, children or animals, it will be right and legal to dig them. Fences are, by the public considered a necessity, and there are laws and customs which regulate their construction and location. A fence can be made of almost any material that will answer the purposes of a fence without becoming a trap or a snare to the animals it is made to restrain. A fence made of loaded guns placed so as to go off and kill the animals which happened to rub against it would hardly be a legal fence. Neither would one made of ropes in the form of slipnooses that would choke any animal to death that reached its head through.

Barbed wire is intended to be just enough barbed to be felt and to offer a barrier, but not to necessarily injure an animal. There are differences of opinion as to how great their danger is to animals, but the public seem to endorse them by their use. We have never used any barbed wire, but have seen it stretched along village streets where passers by are liable to tear clothing if they wantonly or carelessly crowd upon the private property adjoining, but have learned of no one who has dared to bring action for damages thus sustained.

In building a barbed wire fence along the highway, we would choose to fasten our wires upon our own side of the posts, and if using such a fence for restraining our own animals, we would train them to see and know such a fence before turning them in loose to run against it in their first caper around the field.

If we contemplated erecting a division fence against a neighbor, we should kindly notify him of what we intended to do and should advise him to introduce his animals, especially colts, to the new fence before turning them loose. Animals learn very quickly to keep away from danger and dangerous places. Most of the damage caused by barbed wire fencing has been due to the thoughtlessness of cattle owners in neglecting to teach their animals how to conduct themselves in its proximity.

The fence laws of the country vary considerably in different States. There may have been statute laws passed by some of our legislatures restricting or regulating the use of barbed wire as fencing material, but if so we are not familiar with such laws. Our Western agricultural exchanges for a few years past have contained a great deal of correspondence concerning barbed wire, but mostly in the way of complaint that it is not sold cheaper so that it can be used still more extensively. Barbed wire is becoming *the* fence of the West, both along the line of railroads and for farm use. If any reader of the FARMER has knowledge of any statute or court decision against the use of barbed wire for division or other fencing we would thank him to communicate for the benefit of Mr. Paine and others.

A TRELLIS FOR TOMATO VINES.

The following method of supporting tomato vines is contributed by a reader of the FARMER, at Calistoga, California:—

I will describe a way I have of growing tomatoes, which, I think, an improvement on training them to upright sticks, as advised in the FARMER, a few months since. I make a sort of slanting roof with strips about ½ feet long for rafters; the ends of two of them are stuck an inch or two in the ground about five feet apart, and the other ends brought together and tied to a ridge pole. These rafters are placed about seven feet apart, and to them horizontal sticks are tied about a foot apart, thus forming a sloping trellis to which the stems are attached as first put up, when they soon run of themselves. Besides keeping the fruit off the ground, the arrangement offers the advantage of readily protecting the plants from frosts which we sometimes have in early autumn, and which would destroy the plants two or three months before they should be legitimately killed.

Correspondence.

From our Special Correspondent.

AGRICULTURE IN FRANCE.

PARIS, Oct. 7, 1882.

M. Joulie, head chemist in one of the principal hospitals of this city, has been studying for several years, the cultivation of wheat, with the view of diminishing its cost of production. He studies the plant in its various stages of vegetation, and studies the means best calculated to prevent the crop from being laid, and to ensure the ears to be well filled and with plump grain. The influence of the composition of the soil has been examined, not only when it is defective in certain elements, but when these elements even are present in excess. Farm-yard manure, M. Joulie considers to be a capricious fertilizer, in regard to its richness in nitrogen. Wheat, he says, ought not to be cultivated on a soil directly treated with farm-yard manure; a root crop should intervene; to supply nitrogen to wheat culture, the assimilable nitrates or ammoniacal salts ought to be resorted to, the former for argillaceous and calcareous soils, the latter for light ones. Superphosphate of lime is to be depended upon as a sheet anchor in wheat culture, and potash in case it be deficient. Expend at least twenty-two sous per twenty-two gallons of wheat raised on mineral manures, and count upon the atmosphere somewhat for nitrogen, concludes M. Joulie. His views have made a little noise, but they require to be studied. It is an illusion to expect that a *pro rata* expenditure of twenty-two sous will equalize the mineral elements in the soil, for not only do these elements vary in point of utility following the nature of soils, but their commercial value is fluctuation itself. Farmers must not be led away by the siren theory, that to employ mineral manures will keep up the fertility of their land; let them purchase guanos, cake, farm-yard manure, ammoniacal salts, while they will be able to obtain them. There is nothing to be disputed as to wheat succeeding a tillage crop, but it is absolutely gratuitous to lay down that the atmosphere supplies the nitrogen.

Professor Deherain of Grignon, finds after six years' experiments on ordinary cultivated crops, that farm-yard manure was superior to all others in respect to greater produce, and less exhaustion of the soil. The culture of sainfoin during three consecutive years led to an augmentation of nitrogenous matter in the arable soil, but this accumulation was not due to the plant absorbing nitrogen from the air, but to the exclusion of carbonic acid, which, in the case of tillage, burns and destroys the organic substances in the surface soil. The same gentleman found in the case of oats, that the nature of the manure, but above all, the season, can affect the richness of the grain in azote, to the extent of a double percentage.

M. Dubast has investigated the fluctuations in the price, production and consumption of grain during the last sixty years in France. Despite the increase of production and importations, one-fourth of the population of France, or nine millions of people, have to depend on other cereals than wheat for their daily bread. Thus France has a sufficient home market for her wheat. Relative to prices, these have not remained stationary, as is commonly supposed, but have augmented periodically; also, the elevation of price has been uniform while remaining progressive, and in addition, the entire country has benefited accordingly.

The population of France is 36,000,000; each individual represents an annual consumption of grain, of 154 gallons, the produce in round figures of one acre of land; one-half of the total of cereals raised is wheat, one-quarter oats; the remainder rye, barley, buckwheat and maize. The yield of grain varies in France, a 1-25 above, or the same below the normal quantity yearly cultivated, but it is only in a fair average year, that the yield suffices for the wants of the population.

The average weight of 22 gallons of wheat, (a hectolitre,) is 165 pounds; it can descend to 154 and mount to 180 pounds. The latter will produce about 156 pounds of first quality of flour. Flour absorbs 66 per cent of its weight of water; it parts with one-half of this quantity by evaporation when baked, so that bread contains about 33 per cent of water, almost the equivalent to the loss in bran, &c., which the wheat undergoes during conversion into flour. I may remark here, that an agitation is on foot to replace the manufacture of bread by machinery instead of the hands. In the south of France, the feet are employed in the kneading trough; now the bakers are almost naked when at work, similarly as the men in the wine vats, and in a perspiration, as they work close to the ovens and in cellars. A healthy man, during ordinary labor, parts with 2½ pounds of perspiration per day, or about 1½ ounces per hour. Some of this is not pleasant to receive in one's hot morning roll. It is a notorious fact, too, that the majority of bakers are consumptive. Another amelioration needed, is the use of the economic oven, so general in Holland and Belgium; it is heated either by hot air or steam, and effects an economy of seventy-five per cent in fuel.

Coagulated blood is an excellent manure, but its usage is limited; the blood of the slaughter house is rich in nitrogen and mineral matters, but as it decomposes rapidly, it is a dangerous and inconvenient fertilizer. A discovery recently made, enables the congulating matter to be transformed into a solid, inodorous fertilizer. Fresh blood contains 28.20 of organic matter, and 0 80 of saline substances; the rest being water; dried, it is reduced to one-fourth of its original weight; in this state it contains 12 to 18 per cent of azote and 1½ to 2 per cent of phosphoric acid. Now sulphate of ammonia contains 20 per cent of nitrogen. The total number of animals annually slaughtered in France for food, is 43,000,000, of which number 2½ millions are oxen and bulls; 7 millions cows; 1½ millions calves; 26 millions sheep, and the remainder pigs, &c. The total of the blood of these animals amounts to 70,000 tons valued at 300 francs the ton. The total value of guano imported into France during the best years, was 50,000 tons, at an average price of 350 francs per ton. In South America, where, in some places upwards of 1000 animals are slaughtered daily, there is a grand future for applying the new discovery, and which consists in keeping the blood when quitting the animal, constantly stirred with a stick to prevent the formation of clot, after which persulphate of iron is added; a kind of paste is then formed, very elastic, and which dries and forms cakes, to be ultimately pulverized. The product is inodorous, and contains from ten to fifteen per cent of azote. In the country districts, an ox yields about four gallons of blood, valued at twelve sous, and can manure 110 square yards.

M. Bouilliez—a name apropros for his process, has adopted the following plan for preserving potatoes: he erects immense boilers in the fields, even cooks the tubers, and places them in trenches or silos, hermetically sealed; to wash, cook and store the potatoes represents an outlay of nine francs per ton. The cattle eat this preserve voraciously. Indeed, it is becoming general now to store all root crops in silos instead of in cellars; in the latter case, if destined for the market, there is a loss for the seller, if for consumption, for the owner, because potatoes, &c., exposed even to the uniform temperature of a cellar, slowly ferment and lose their nitrogenous matters. Professor Muntz has demonstrated that all alimentary products undergo a sensible loss of their protein substances when exposed to the air, but that no loss whatsoever takes place if the air be perfectly excluded. Distillery, &c., grains are at present in great demand for silo preservation, and mix well with forage or roots similarly preserved.

A very useful implement has appeared; it is a bill hook, serving at the same time for a hammer.

The cultivation of hops is on the increase, the consequence of deficient vintages. Farm schools are henceforth to experiment in this new culture, as in Germany.

For the New England Farmer.

PRESERVING CURIOSITIES.

The young men or the young women who, on leaving school consider that their education is completed, will in after years discover that they were greatly mistaken; for, in fact, it is but just begun. Only the foundation as it were, is laid, upon which to begin to build. A person may go on gathering knowledge on every hand, and treasuring it up from day to day, as long as life shall last. Lessons are to be learned from the animals we care for, as well as from those which we have to guard against, and also from the birds of the air, and the thousands upon thousands of little insects with which we have to keep up a continual warfare. Useful lessons are to be learned from a ramble in the forest and the field; in the orchard and the garden. Something new is continually coming up for our instruction, and if we keep our eyes open we shall be the gainer. These beautiful autumn days are a very favorable season for outdoor study, and the farmer's wife and daughters who have been roasting over the stove the past few months, preparing food for their hungry menfolks, should embrace every opportunity to be in the open air these delightful afternoons, and take a ramble in the wood to admire the beauties of nature; and you will need to take along a basket, because you will surely want it. You will find some nice autumn leaves a for house decoration, or some rich leaf mould to put in your flower pots and perhaps a lot of chestnuts may be gathered.

I have been thinking lately, if we could have a room devoted especially to the preservation of curiosities that we come across on the farm, and any extraordinary product of the soil, it would be a valuable adjunct to any and every farm, as it would afford instruction and amusement to every member of the family; and many an hour could be very profitably spent here. If we found an extra large potato or apple, or any other like product that could not be kept for an indefinite period, it could be cut open through the centre, laid on a sheet of white paper and a pencil mark made around it, so as to preserve a *correct* drawing of its size, and then the name should be written on it and any notes made in regard to it that it would be interesting to remember; tall or exceedingly prolific stalks of corn, or fine ears should be saved, as well as very fine heads of grain or anything else of the sort. Sections of trees or shrubs of a peculiar growth might well be brought here, as well as cabinets of insects that have been collected; and in fact, anything and everything that it will be interesting to have here; and make it the *museum of the farm*. For lack of room I have not got this "museum" yet, but I feel the need of it, and it is under contemplation. I have a lot of specimens of stones collected in different parts of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and New York, and if the room was provided, it would most certainly get filled with a collection of interesting objects. I often come across things in the field and forest worthy of preservation, and think that everyone who is deeply interested in farm life, can, in a few years, gather a collection that it would pay to look at. The influence that such a room would have over the young people of the farm could certainly result in nothing but good to them, and I believe that in after years it would be looked back to, as being a very bright place in the old homestead.

A place of this kind on the farm would have a tendency to make farm life more interesting to the boys, and *girls too*. A great deal is said about getting the boys interested in the farm; but I want to see the girls as deeply interested. Our boys will want wives; and if the boys wish to engage in farming for a life work, the girls should be equally interested in it. How often we hear young ladies say "I wouldn't be a farmer's wife," and yet, they sometimes do ten times worse than marry a farmer. When the farm is made what it should be, it is a very pleasant place, and I have often thought that the farmer's wife had as easy a life as the wife of the village mechanic, and usually very much pleasanter surroundings. To me the quiet of the farm is greatly to be preferred to the noise and bustle of the town. I think if the rural people do not enjoy themselves it is their own fault, and there is no need of their being ignorant of outside life.

Corning, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1882. F. H. D.

For the New England Farmer.

A SURE PREVENTIVE OF CHICKEN CHOLERA.

Several experiments have been made during the past five years, by different parties, for the purpose of preventing the spread of chicken cholera by inoculation or vaccination. I have, during the past two years, vaccinated the fowls in nineteen different yards, where the cholera was prevailing badly; leaving in each yard some common fowls not vaccinated, which all died; but of the two thousand vaccinated, only eleven died, although they were in the same yard with those not vaccinated, that were dying daily by the scores. I have every reason to believe that this chicken vaccination is as effective in preventing cholera among fowls, as vaccination is in preventing smallpox among the human family. Vaccinate a hen, and in eight days her system will be completely inoculated; then cut off her head, and catch all the blood in some vessel, then pour the blood out on paper to dry. A half of a drop of this blood is sufficient to vaccinate a hen, and the blood of one hen will vaccinate your whole flock. Catch the fowl you wish to vaccinate, and with a pin or knife make a little scratch on the thigh, just enough to draw blood; then moisten a little piece of the paper with the dried blood on, and you may stick it on the chicken's leg where you scratched it; then let the fowl run, and you need have no fear of chicken cholera. As the result of my many experiments, I have now dried blood enough to vaccinate about ten thousand fowls, for which I have no use, as I do not sell patent med

New England Farmer.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1882.

It is about time for our market authorities to be on the lookout for a lot of fever infested Texas cattle, that are said to be on the way to Boston.

The investigation at the Maine State Reform School seems to show that absolute power, even when lodged in the most careful hands, has a tendency to degenerate into tyranny.

Over 120,000 barrels of apples have already been shipped to Europe this fall from New York, Boston and Montreal, but, as has been the case in previous years, the business has received a check on account of the fruit arriving at Liverpool in bad order from faulty or careless packing.

It is said that after setting apart in the Treasury money appropriated for specific purposes and making allowance for the interest on the public debt, there will only be a surplus of revenue of about $12,000,000. It is a little to be wondered at that Congress, while it was about it, did not find some way to dispose of this little bagatelle.

The United States Treasury Department has officially decided that frogs' legs are not fish. The interpretation of law in this country is more rigid than it is in Egypt, where a few months ago the officials could think of no other way to classify the mummy of an ancient Pharaoh which was being transported out of the country, than to set it down as "salted and dried fish."

It is said that the captains of Chicago tugboats have refused to save the lives of drowning persons, on account of a rule of the Treasury Department which forbids tug-boats to carry passengers. It is touching to see this strict regard for law on the part of these self-denying men, who are almost too lawabiding to live among common Chicago sinners.

Prof. Hind of Nova Scotia, who, it will be remembered, maintained that the statistics submitted to the Halifax Fishery Commission by the Canadian government, and which formed the basis of the five and a half million dollars award, were fraudulently cooked up for the occasion, now makes the same charge against the figures presented by the representatives of the United States government. The Professor is just as likely to be wrong in one of these statements as in the other, and more likely to be wrong than right, in both of them.

WHAT WE EAT.

Among the principal objections urged by the New York butchers and market men against the shipment of Western dressed beef in refrigerator cars to that and other Eastern cities, is the alleged fact that sick and disabled animals are habitually slaughtered at Chicago, and the meat sold there, while the best and most healthy cattle at the stock yards are culled out for shipment to Eastern markets, as being best able to bear the journey. For this reason, under the existing order of things, we at the East are getting a much better quality of meat for our money even than the people who live at the very headquarters of the cattle trade, but if the business of killing and dressing the beef for Eastern markets at Chicago proceeds so far as to become the general rule, and to supersede the transportation of live cattle eastward, it will inevitably happen that New York and Boston will get the diseased meat which Chicago now revels in.

From a series of articles lately published in the *Chicago Tribune*, upon the stock yards and beef trade of that city, we are led to infer that there may be, after all, a good deal of force in this objection urged by the New York butchers. The *Tribune* has been searching and thorough in its investigation and merciless in its exposure of the abuses existing at the Chicago stock-yards, which, as it justly says, "are enough to make vegetarians of the whole population." It appears that there is no adequate inspection of the cattle at the stock-yards or in transit, nor of the meat after it reaches the market, and the consequence is that "all the diseased, dying, and disabled cattle of the whole country round about us that can be got into Chicago before life becomes extinct are brought here, slaughtered, and eaten. The rule of the business is that anything that is not dead before the slaughter house knife can get to its throat is good enough for Chicago people to eat. Cows with feculent sores, beeves with flesh poisoned by the torture of broken limbs, calves prematurely born in the slaughter house of diseased mothers, just killed, sheep with the snuffles, consumptive cattle coughing purulent matter, victims of the swine plague, living carrion—anything in fact that is not stone-dead carrion—passes muster as fit food. Gangrenous, cancerous, feverish, phthisical, tuberculous, scrofulous animals are killed and sold, and go into the blood of the children, men, and women of this city."

This is truly a terrible picture, and if it is not exaggerated, as we can hardly believe it is, it portrays a state of affairs that should be corrected immediately. The difficulty, according to the *Tribune*, is that there is no State law which will reach the matter, and no inspection provided by the State. An attempt was made last winter, by Dr. Rauch, Secretary to the State Board of Health, to secure the passage of a law providing for the inspection of all animals, the quarantining of suspected ones, and the condemnation of such as were shown to be unfit for food, but the bill was smothered in committee, and never acted upon, and the matter has been steadily growing worse ever since. Of the deleterious effects of eating the meat of diseased animals, it is hardly necessary to speak; it is certain that many of the most fatal diseases that afflict mankind are capable of being transmitted by this means, and it is by no means improbable that many other maladies whose origin is not yet known, may be found, one of these days, to be traceable to the same cause. Certainly it is the duty of the authorities to see that all danger from this cause is reduced to a minimum, by the most careful and rigorous inspection.

We people at the East have more than a passing interest in this matter. We no longer raise our own meat supplies, nor is it probable, in the nature of things, that we shall ever again do so. While the beef for our markets has been brought here alive from the West, our local inspection laws, imperfect as they must be admitted to be, supplemented by the faithful and unremitting labors of the agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who have kept a pretty close watch upon our stock yards and cattle cars, have sufficed to protect us in a great degree from the danger of being fed upon diseased or unwholesome beef. But if our slaughter houses are to be removed to Chicago, out of the purview of our own inspectors, we have a right to ask that a system at least as effective as our own, shall be adopted there for our protection. We can hardly expect a stock-yard's "scalper" of Chicago, who will feed his own neighbors on unwholesome meat, to treat his Eastern customers any better, and indeed, we may the rather look to see him shipping his detestable stuff to the East for sale, out of reach of the prying eyes of the *Tribune*; and if Chicago dressed beef dealers are wise, they will insist on some inspection rules being adopted for their own protection, as well as ours. At present a good deal of the Chicago beef that is sold here, is sold as Brighton beef, simply because of the prejudice that exists against the Chicago article, a prejudice that the *Tribune's* developments do not tend to lessen.

THANKSGIVING.

The President's Proclamation.

The following Thanksgiving proclamation was issued last Thursday:

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

In conformity with a custom, the annual observance of which is justly held in honor by this people, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, do hereby set apart Thursday, the 30th day of November next, as a day of public thanksgiving. The blessings demanding our gratitude are manifold and varied. For the peace and unity which subsists between this republic and all the nations of the earth; for the freedom from internal discord and violence; for the increasing friendship between the different sections of the land; for the liberty, justice and constitutional government; for the devotion of the people to our free institutions, and their cheerful obedience to mild laws; for the constantly increasing strength of the republic, while extending its privileges to fellow men who may come to us; for the improved means of internal communication and the increased facilities of intercourse with other nations; for the general prevailing health of the year; for the general prosperity of all our industries, the liberal return for the mechanic's toil affording a market for the abundant harvests of the husbandman; for the preservation of the national faith and credit; for wise and generous provision to effect the intellectual and moral education of our youth; for the influence upon the conscience of a restraining and a transforming religion, and for the joys of home; for these, and for many other blessings, we should give thanks.

Wherefore I do recommend that the day above designated be observed throughout the country as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, and that the people, ceasing from their daily labors, and meeting in accordance with their several forms of worship, draw near to the Throne of Almighty God, offering to Him praise and gratitude for the manifold goodness which He has vouchsafed to us, and praying that His blessings and His mercies may continue.

And I do further recommend that the day thus appointed be made a special occasion for deeds of kindness and charity to the suffering and needy, so that all who dwell within the land may rejoice and be glad in this season of national thanksgiving.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington, this 25th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1882, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and seventh.

(Seal) CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

By the President:
FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN,
Secretary of State.

THE STAR ROUTE CASES.

The report of Special Counsel Wells regarding the alleged attempt to bribe certain jurors in the recent Star Route trial at Washington, has been made public. The report, after giving the substance of several affidavits, affirms that the attempted bribery was not done with the knowledge or in the interests of the prosecution, and declares it a "a deliberate and carefully prepared conspiracy against the administration of justice." Foreman Dickson is declared to have endeavored to sell himself to the prosecution, instead of having been approached with offers of bribes. Several of the jurors have been arrested, and warrants are issued against others. The trial of Arthur Payne, the colored juror, for attempting to influence the vote of a fellow-juror was begun in the police court on Tuesday. Brown, the juror in question, was examined at length regarding the attempts made by Payne to bribe him. A. B. Williams, who had been called upon to produce the affidavit of Nelson, asserted, in defiance of the court order, that he had returned the document to Nelson, as he (the witness) did not believe the prosecution on the part of the government an honest one. Foreman Dickson has also got himself into fresh trouble by a letter he wrote to the foreman of the grand jury, asking that body to investigate his charge that Bowen, special agent of the Department of Justice, attempted to bribe him to vote for Dorsey's conviction. This letter was placed in the hands of Judge Wylie at the opening of court, and he decided that it was a highly improper communication and a contempt of court, for which Dickson will have to suffer the imposition of a fine. An attempt is being made by the original star route defendants to have Judge McArtour sit at their approaching second trial, instead of Judge Wylie, who, they say, is prejudiced against them.

THE MAINE STATE REFORM SCHOOL.

An examination into the management of the Maine State Reform School has been in progress for several days. The testimony has shown that the reformatory measures adopted were of rather a severe character, to say the least. For instance, boys had been compelled to stand for an hour at a time, bending over and touching their toes with their fingers, though the doctors testified that it was extremely injurious to stand in that position for one minute. On Saturday Mr. Willey, an officer, testified that he had struck a boy on the head, although the officers are not allowed to do so; another boy was knocked against a bench. Boys were confined in dark cells in the cellar, for several days at a time. An iron band 4 inches wide and 1½ inches thick, with an arrangement that passed under the shoe, and put on with set screws, weighing over 12 pounds, was an instrument used as punishment. Two boys wore the irons night and day, in the night next to the skin; had them on four months at least; the boys are compelled to stand up all night for slight infractions of the rules; confined in cells and tower eight or nine nights. One boy, 14 years old, who did not succeed in performing his allotted task of making two dozen chairs a week, was compelled to stand in the yard every recess for two months. One overseer testified that he whipped boys with a strap "unconsciously." These are only specimen bricks from the general mass of evidence, but they are enough to show that the investigation was not begun a moment too soon.

THE SORGHUM PRIZES.—It will be remembered that the U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture early last summer made an offer to the farmers of the country of liberal prizes for essays upon the cultivation of sorghum and sugar beet and the production of sugar from the same. The Department has recently received notice of more than a hundred competitors for the several prizes, but it appears that the accounting officers have raised a point as to the power of the Commissioner of Agriculture to make such expenditure of money, and the office of the First Comptroller, Judge Lawrence, has intimated to the Department of Agriculture that it would be wise to make no awards as proposed until the First Comptroller shall have definitely reached his conclusion. The terms of the appropriation act are held by the treasury accounting officers, it is said, to authorize payment of money from this fund for no other purpose than "continuing experiments in sorghum culture." Commissioner Loring's idea was to advance the interests of this particular branch of his department's work, by increasing the stock of knowledge respecting it, and it was with this view that the prizes were offered. The essays which have been called forth by this offer contain a great deal of valuable information and it would be very embarrassing if, owing to the construction of a treasury official, he shall have to return them without the promised prizes. It is to hoped that current reports are incorrect.

AN ANTIQUATED AXIOM.—No man can serve two masters. If you dissipate you suffer for your indiscretion in every way; if you lead a sober and quiet life you have your reward in a clean heart and a solid body. The average man don't care a pin for a sermon. However, this is merely moralizing. If he wants to dissipate he will do so in spite of all opposition. If, as a natural result of his imprudence, he becomes a dyspeptic or has attacks of biliousness or sick headache, he has sense enough to take Swayne's Pills, knowing that they will work speedy relief.

THE *Engineering News* says there are over 1400 bridges in the Illinois Division of the Wabash Railroad.

GENTLEMEN.—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering with debility or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them. J. C. STOETZEL, 683 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

GRAPES exposed to sunlight contain 3½ per cent less acid than those which have remained in darkness.

"BUCHUPAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

THE cotton crop in Texas is so large and pickers so scarce that a great deal of the staple will be left ungathered.

TRIAL proves that honesty is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine preparation, an unequalled blood purifier, decidedly superior to all others.

TWELVE hundred head of sheep sold in England lately for $16,850, the highest price on record at a large sale.

☞ Hoods, scarfs, ribbons and any fancy articles can be made any color wanted with the Diamond Dyes. All the popular colors.

THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—Arrangements are nearly completed for the "Country Meeting" of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, which will be held at Northampton on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 5th, 6th and 7th of December. The previous country meetings have been full of interest to the agricultural community, and their influence in arousing discussion upon practical subjects, and in promoting among the farmers themselves a habit of careful investigation of facts, and of cautious reasoning toward conclusions, has already been of much benefit to the agriculture of the State. Among the lecturers who will address the meeting this year, are Prof. Goessmann, the Hon. James S. Grinnell, Mr. John M. Smith of Sunderland, who will lecture on "Tobacco Growing," Mr. Mason C. Weld of New York on "Poultry," Major Henry E. Alvord of "Houghton Farm," on the "Milk Question," and other equally distinguished agricultural authorities. The programme has not yet been received, but we hope to be able to lay it before our readers next week.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION is called to the advertisement in another column, of the sale of cattle and horses on Monday next on the farm of Augustus P. Loring at Pride's Crossing, Essex County.

THE large surplus potato crop of Prince Edward Island is being worked up into starch, factories for making which have recently been established on the Island.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, we have received, through De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., 365 Washington St.

UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS. A novel by Helen Campbell, Illustrated. Price $1.00.

This is the most ambitious, and we think the best of Mrs. Campbell's stories, and during its publication in the columns of the new weekly magazine, "Our Continent," attracted a great deal of attention. The scene of the story is laid in a Long Island seashore village; though there is very little local color, and the change of a few old Dutch names into old English ones would be enough to transfer the whole scene to any other part of the coast. The story itself in motive and incident is fresh and orignal, and decidedly out of the common, and the characters, most of them, are new, and well drawn; the gradual development of the character of Sylvia from a neglected and uncouth poor-house foundling, to the noble and charming woman, well fitted to be a wife to the single hearted Professor to whose somewhat fantastic kindness she owes her rescue from a life of poverty and toil, is well and effectively managed. There is much wit and wisdom in the book, and the style is clear, strong, and unaffected. The volume is the first of a series which the publishers propose to reprint from the new magazine "Our Continent," under the title of Our Continent Library.

MISS LEIGHTON'S PERPLEXITIES. A Love Story. By Alice C. Hall. Price $1.00.

This is a sentimental story, and obviously by an inexperienced hand. The plot is somewhat conventional, turning upon the perplexities of a young lady who is blessed with the regular two lovers, one rich and one poor, and finds her difficulties in endeavoring to decide between them somewhat heightened by the impulsiveness of one of her young lady friends and the coolness of another. The interest of the story is less in the matter of incident, than in the development of the characters, some of which are extremely well drawn.

THE CLEVERDALE MYSTERY; or The Machine and its Wheels. By Wm. A. Wilkins, Editor of the *Whitehall (N. Y.) Times*. Price $1.00.

The author declares that "the political incidents of this story are taken from actual life," and that "every public man will recognize" Senator Hamblin the political boss, and several of the other characters. If this is so, New York country politicians are a worse lot of unmitigated scoundrels and natural born fools than can be found anywhere else on the planet. The incidents of the story turn upon the efforts of "Senator Hamblin" to get a renomination to the State Senate, in doing which he is knave enough to commit half a dozen crimes that would consign him to the State prison, and fool enough to put himself into the power of half a dozen men who could easily send him there, besides wrecking his own private fortune, and selling his only daughter to a man whom he knows to be a villain. The incidents are of the most vulgar kind, seduction, murder, suicide, robbery, forgery, conspiracy, grave robbing and the like, not to mention such minor vices as lying, bribery and drunkenness. The style is on stilts all the way through. We do not believe that this kind of thing represents American politics even in its worst and most disheartening aspects.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have published in their series of "Home Books"

THE HOME NEEDLE, by Ella Rodman Church, and HOME OCCUPATIONS, by Janet E. Ruutz-Rees.

The first of these excellent little manuals is devoted to plain sewing, how to cut and make underclothing, dresses and bonnets, how to mend and patch, to keep domestic linen in order, to make patchwork and the like, and is illustrated with a great many patterns and diagrams. The other volume treats upon fancy and decorative work in leather, paper, wax and cardboard; the making of frames; the preservation of flowers and grasses; spatter work, bead work, scrap books, amateur photography, and a host of similar occupations with which ladies of leisure and taste are fond of occupying their time. Both volumes are found very "handy to have in the house," and their low price, 60 cents each, puts them within the reach of everybody.

Oliver Ditson & Co. of this city publish

THE CHORAL CHOIR; for Choirs, Conventions and Societies. By W. O. Perkins. Price $1.00.

The somewhat tautological title of this book suggests the remark that it is a book of musical music, and the name of the compiler is a guarantee that its selections are made with good taste and judgment. The first half of the volume contains secular music, and the last half sacred music, in both of which divisions we recognize several old favorites and a goodly amount of new matter.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. publish

CHIMES AND RHYMES FOR HOLIDAY TIMES. Edited by Almira L. Hayward. Illustrated.

This pretty little volume is made up of selected poems by various authors appropriate to New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Easter, Fast Day, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas. The selections are made with general good taste, though we miss some of the most widely known and favorite poems which are in all minds most closely associated with some of these festival days.

MAINE'S MOTTO.—The motto of the State of Maine, "*Dirigo*—I lead," is applicable to Hunt's Remedy. It can truly say "I lead" in point of worth, merit, and cures effected, and it is rapidly assuming the lead in sales. In all cases of kidney or liver troubles, in all urinary complaints, it is simply invaluable and unapproachable. Physicians have discovered this, and freely prescribe it; and hundreds who have been relieved of dangerous affections of the stomach, kidneys, and liver by this great medicine, chant its praises. Hunt's Remedy can truly say, "I lead out of weakness and disease into vigor and health." It is *par excellence* the *Dirigo* medicine.

Miscellaneous Items.

☞ The National debt has been reduced by $15,000,000 during the past month.

☞ There were 46,231 post offices in the United States on the 30th of June last.

☞ The New Bedford whaling vessels in the Arctic Ocean have had a more successful season this year than for many years before.

☞ There are still more than a quarter of a million tons of last winter's ice in the ice houses on the Kennebec river.

☞ The Vermont Legislature has passed a law making the selling or keeping for sale of toy pistols a criminal offence.

☞ Six stores, two dwellings, and two stables in Corinna, Me., were burned on Monday with heavy loss.

☞ The house and barn of Jerome C. Butler, near Portsmouth, N. H., were burned on Monday night; loss about $4500.

☞ The immigrants to the United States during the month of September numbered 49,935.

☞ The Gates House at Bennington, Vt., was destroyed by fire last Friday night; loss about $12,000.

☞ The Mount Kineo House, at Moosehead Lake, Me., was destroyed by fire on Sunday afternoon, the property loss amounting to $50,000.

☞ A lot of Confederate bonds, amounting to $145,000, was sold at auction in Charleston, S. C., last week for $12 50 per $1000. The bidding was quite spirited.

☞ Major E. R. Phipps, the ex-Superintendent of the Philadelphia Almshouse, is said to have stolen $650,000 during his period of service of over nine years.

☞ Mr. Henry P. Roberts, formerly for several years Assistant Clerk of the United States Court in this city, took his own life at Mattapan on Sunday. He had been ill for a long time.

☞ It is proposed to erect a bronze statue of the poet Longfellow in his native city of Portland, Me., and an association of leading citizens of that city has been formed to solicit the funds necessary for carrying out the project.

☞ One of the remarkable incidents of this remarkable autumn is the ripening of a second crop of strawberries in the open air at Limerick, Me., last week.

☞ The residence of the Rev. Horace W. Wright at Abington, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night during the absence of the family.

☞ Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, thinks we may look for the return of the great comet in a very short time, perhaps before the close of the year.

☞ The spool mills of O. S. Turner, of New Vineyard, Me., with all his lumber, were burned last Friday. Loss $5000; no insurance.

☞ The savings bank at East Wilton, N. H., was entered by burglars one night last week, who demolished the safe, and got nothing for their trouble, the funds being fortunately deposited in another place.

☞ Col. Henry S. Russell of Milton has recently brought Mabel Labey, a heifer by Guy Fawkes, out of Mabel 2d, both of which were by Koffee, a son of the celebrated Coomassie, for $2600.

☞ The barque Malville of Freeport, Me., was wrecked on the 10th inst. on the coast of Vancouver's Island, and all on board, among whom were the captain's wife and two children, were lost.

☞ The sash and blind factory of W. P. Hayes & Son, at Dover, N. H., was burned on Sunday morning, with $18,000 worth of finished stock, the total loss amounting to $37,000.

☞ The barn and other outbuildings on the farm of Gen. Joseph H. Potter, U. S. A., at East Concord, N. N., were burned on Saturday with the greater part of their contents, including some valuable live stock.

☞ Truckee, Cal., had a $100,000 fire last week, and the man on whose premises it started, narrowly escaped being lynched by the citizens for his carelessness in letting the fire get away from him.

☞ The savages at Basket Island, near Punta Arenas, have recently murdered a boat's crew belonging to the New Bedford schooner surprise, wrecked near that place, and also the crew of a wrecked English vessel.

☞ A severe gale visited the country in the vicinity of Davenport, Iowa, last Monday afternoon, doing a deal of damage to property. Several houses were blown down, killing one person and wounding several others.

☞ The dollar subscriptions to the Garfield Monument Fund of Cincinnati now aggregate about $10,000—enough for the purpose. The statue is to be of bronze, full length, of heroic size, and mounted on a granite pedestal.

☞ The United States Fish Commission is making arrangements to send out a great many carp to farmers, particularly in the South and West. Twelve thousand farms have been stocked during the past season with these fish.

☞ The Flint mill at Fall River, Mass., was destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon. The loss of property will amount to about $700,000, the insurance aggregating $620,000. About five hundred operatives are thrown out of employment.

☞ A cablegram from J. C. Houghton & Co., Liverpool, reports that American apples have declined one shilling per barrel, but a steady market is looked for. Newton pippins have begun to arrive, and have been sold at 34 and 36s, according to quality.

☞ A Montreal policeman was arrested last Sunday night in the very act of setting fire to an unoccupied warehouse; he had been getting credit of late for discovering fires, and giving early alarms.

☞ A liquor saloon in Palestine, Ohio, has been blown up with dynamite four times within the last two years, the latest attempt, which was made on Sunday night last, resulting in seriously injuring two persons in an adjoining house, which also was nearly demolished.

☞ The Western Associated Press has severed its connection with the New York Association, and it is declared that Jay Gould is at the bottom of the movement, which he has engineered on account of his failure to get control of the New York Associated Press.

☞ The Railway Commissioners, after investigating the North Adams disaster, which resulted in the death of seven or more persons, find Wattson, the engineer of the Troy and Boston Railway, guilty of criminal negligence, and criticise the State management of the Tunnel line.

☞ Point Barrow Signal Station reports that Lieut. Ray has made a sledge journey 740 miles inland and 100 miles eastward. On the latter he discovered a large unknown river, apparently as large as the Missouri. Several whalers have been spoken, and report the catch very small.

☞ The Boston Produce Exchange has unanimously voted in favor of petitioning the Legislature for such an amendment of the charter as will "allow the Exchange to adopt and carry out a plan for providing for a death benefit or gratuity to be paid to the family or heirs of deceased members.

☞ Owing to the large demand for small denominations of the new gold certificates, it has been decided to prepare new plates with the signature of the Treasurer engraved on them, instead of following out the original plan of having them all signed with autographs.

☞ The Appelate Court of Illinois has decided in a "grain gambling" case, that the purchase of grain for future delivery, where it is evident there is no intention to actually deliver the grain but to settle the difference of price in money, comes within the law against gambling. The aggrieved party has no ground of action.

☞ The apple crop of Great Britain and the Continent is reported to be a partial failure, and a demand is made upon the United States, Canada and Nova Scotia, to make up the shortage. The crop is short here, also, and the foreigners will have to fight for what they get. Apples fit for shipment are likely to be high in price.

☞ A Chicago special says that much excitement has been caused by the discovery of the Texas fever among forty loads of range cattle which arrived there last week from Kansas City. Part of the lot, it was declared had been shipped to Boston, and the remainder had been bought up by parties engaged in the shipment of dressed beef to the East.

☞ The wife of Dr. Edward C. Seguin, a prominent New York physician, in a fit of temporary insanity, on Tuesday, took her three children, the oldest of whom was six years old, to one of the upper rooms of the house, and after blindfolding them and tying their hands behind their backs, shot them all through the head, and finished the bloody deed by shooting and instantly killing herself.

☞ Canadian capitalists are talking about the region lying between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay. There is said to exist in that region 60,000 square miles of land, some of it valuable for farming purposes, much of it covered with fine forests, and some of it rich in mineral wealth. There is talk of a railway to the Bay from Ottawa, via Dessert River. An exploratory survey is soon to be made. The distance is about 450 miles.

☞ The Argentine Republic is making rapid progress in material welfare. The national revenue has doubled within a few years, and is now $27,000,000. No country except the United States is building so many railways. Iron bands will soon unite the distant points of the Republic. All the productions of the interior, wine, sugar, cotton, wheat, etc., are on the increase, no doubt owing to the gradual approach of the railways.

☞ Mr. Joslyn, Acting Secretary of the Interior, has just rendered a decision of the utmost importance to a large class of applicants for pensions. He holds in effect that seven years' absence may be taken as proof presumptive of a soldier's death, and such proof shall warrant the issue of a pension to his family, if other requirements have been complied with. This decision is a direct reversal of the practice which has hitherto prevailed in the Pension Bureau. Positive proof of the soldier's death was required, which in many cases it was impossible to produce.

☞ The destruction of timber in the Puget Sound lumber region is said to be immense. In the production of lumber by the saw-mills six times as much is wasted as is prepared for market. This is the estimate of practical men. Much more is wantonly destroyed every year by farmers, clearing, forest fires, &c. Whole timber areas perish annually. The present season has been unusually disastrous on account of the absence of rain, and, the forests being dry and inflammable, they have been thinned by most destructive fires.

☞ The Park Theatre, corner of Broadway and Twenty-second street, New York, caught fire on Monday afternoon and was totally destroyed. The final preparations were at the time being made for Mrs. Langtry's first appearance in America, which was to have taken place only a few hours later, when the house would have been packed. The rapid spread of the flames and the quick destruction of the building, are sufficient to show that if the fire had taken place while an audience was in the theatre, it would have been impossible to avoid great loss of life, and a repetition of previous horrors of the kind. The property loss will amount to more than $250,000.

IF taken in its incipient stages, the progress of Consumption can be arrested by the use of Compound Oxygen. It is being done in a large number of cases. Get Drs. Starkey & Palen's Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and study the facts for yourself. They will send it *free*. Address them at 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

The Markets.

BOSTON RETAIL PRICES.

Inside of Faneuil Hall Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1, 1882.

[Corrected weekly by HILTON & WOODWARD, No. 5, *Veal and Mutton;* GEO. H. RUSSELL, Nos. 17 & 19 *Poultry and Game;* H. BIRD & CO., Nos. 38 & 40, *Beef, Pork, Lard and Hams;* CROSBY, BROS. & CO., Nos. 57 & 59, *Butter, Cheese and Eggs;* SANDS, FURBER & CO., Nos. 88 & 90, *Fruit and Vegetables;* SHATTUCK & JONES, No. 128, *Fish;* GEO. E. RICHARDSON & CO., No. 1, F. H. Square, *Fruit and Nuts.*]

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Butter, ₩ lb,—		Cheese, ₩ lb . .	14 @ 18
Lump	30 @ 40	Sage	18 @ 20
Creamery, ex .	33 @ 40	Brie, each . . .	@ 30
Prime tub . .	30 @ 35	Neufchatel, ea .	@ 8
2d quality . .	26 @ 30	Eggs, ₩ doz . .	30 @ 35
common, . . .	23 @ 26	Cape, ...	35 @ 38

Fruits and Berries.

Apples—₩ bbl	2 00 @ 5 00	Delawares, ₩ . .	@ 12
₩ pk . . .	25 @ 50	Hamburg, ₩ . .	@ 50
Cranberries, qt .	@ 15	Lemons, ₩ doz	25 @ 30
Cocoanuts, ea .	5 @ 8	Oranges, ₩ doz	40 @ 70
Grapes—		Quinces, pk . .	75 @ 1 00
Concords, lb . .	8 @ 10		

Fruits and Nuts—Dry and Canned.

Almonds, ₩ lb . .	25 @ 40	Prunes, ₩ lb . .	15 @ 20
Apples, ₩ lb . .	8 @ 15	Peaches, ₩ lb . .	20 @ 25
Castanas, ₩ lb .	10 @ 15	₩ qt can . . .	@ 50
Citron, ₩ lb . .	25 @ 38	Raisins, lay'r ₩ lb	25 @ 33
Dates, ₩ lb . . .	10 @ 15	keg, ₩ lb . . .	10 @ 15
Figs, ₩ lb . . .	15 @ 40	Shagbarks, ₩ qt	6 @ 8
Filberts, ₩ lb .	15 @ 20	Walnuts, English	15 @ 20
Peanuts ₩ qt .	10 @ 15	Naples, ...	@ 20
Pecans ₩ lb . .	15 @ 20	Zante curts, ₩ lb	@ 12

Vegetables.

Beans, ₩ pk . . .	@ 75	Peppers, pk . . .	@ 75
Shelled, ₩ qt .	30 @ 35	Potatoes, ₩ pk . .	@ 25
Beets, ₩ pk . . .	@ 37½	₩ bushel . . .	@ 90
Cabbages, ea .	10 @ 12	₩ barrel . . .	@ 2 25
Carrots, ₩ bu .	25 @ 50	Squashes, ea . .	@ 3
Cauliflowers, ea	15 @ 25	Sage and Thyme—	
Celery, bch . .	10 @ 20	₩ bunch . . .	@ 6
Egg plants, ea .	15 @ 25	Salsify, bch . . .	@ 10
Lettuce ₩ head .	@ 8	Squashes—	
Mushrooms, lb .	1 00 @ 1 25	Marrow, ₩ lb . .	@ 4
Onions, pk . . .	@ 40	Tomatoes, qt . .	8 @ 10
Peas, qt, ₩ qt .	@ 10	Turnips, ₩ bu . .	@ 35

Meats—Fresh.

Beef, ₩ lb—		Lard, leaf, . . .	12 @ 15
Sirloin steak	25 @ 30	Tried	16 @ 20
Round do. . .	18 @ 25	Mutton—	
Rib, roast . .	20 @ 25	legs, ₩ lb . . .	13 @ 17
Chuck rib . .	10 @ 15	fore qr, ₩ lb .	10 @ 13
Plate and navle	8 @ 10	chops	17 @ 25
Soup pieces .	5 @ 10	Pork, ₩ lb—	
Liver	10 @ 12	Roast and stks	13 @ 15
Hearts, ₩ lb .	6 @ 8	Suet, ₩ lb . . .	9 @ 11
Hogs, round, ₩ lb .	@ .	Tallow, ₩ lb . .	@ 10
Kidneys, each .	5 @ 10	Veal, h'd qr ₩ lb	17 @ 20
Kidney, each . .	@ 10	fore qr	10 @ 13
Lamb—		loins	15 @ 25
hind qr, lb . .	15 @ 18	Sweetbreads, ea .	@ 50
fore qr, lb . .	10 @ 12		

Meats—Salt, Smoked, &c.

Pork, hams, ₩ lb	15 @ 17	smoked, ea .	87 @ 1 00
Bacon, ₩ lb . .	13 @ 16	Sheep, do. ₩ doz	@ 50
Shoulders, ₩ lb	11 @ 14	Pigs' feet, ₩ lb .	@ 8
Salt, ₩ lb . . .	10 @ 14	Sausage, ₩ lb . .	10 @ 15
Beef, corned, ₩ lb	10 @ 13	Bologna, ₩ lb	12 @ 15
Smoked, ₩ lb .	20 @ 25	Tripe, ₩ lb . . .	10 @ 15
Tongues, ₩ lb .	13 @ 15		

Poultry and Game.

Chickens, ₩ lb .	20 @ 30	squabs, ₩ pr .	75 @ 1 00
Ducks, chic, ₩ lb	15 @ 20	Pigs, sckg, ea .	1 50 @ 3 00
Fowls, ₩ lb . .	17 @ 22	Quarters, ₩ lb .	10 @ 15
Geese, ₩ lb . . .	15 @ .	Turkeys,—	
Grouse, ₩ lb . .	18 @ 25	choice, ₩ lb .	25 @ 30
Pigeons, ₩ doz	50 @ 3 00		

Fish—Fresh.

Bass, ₩ lb . . .	@ 20	Halibut, ₩ lb . .	@ 17
Bluefish ₩ lb . .	@ 15	chicken, ₩ lb	@ 25
Cod, ₩ lb . . .	@ 10	Mackerel, ea . .	@ 25
pickled, ₩ lb .	@ 8	Penobscot salmon,	@ 35
tongues, ₩ lb .	@ 15	Perch, doz . . .	@ 15
cheeks, ₩ lb .	@ 10	Pickerel, ₩ lb .	@ 12
Cusk, ₩ lb . . .	@ 6	Pollock, ₩ lb . .	@ 10
Eels, ₩ lb . . .	@ 12	Turbot, ₩ lb . .	@ 10
Flounders, ea . .	@ 15	Salmon, ₩ lb . .	@ 30
Frog's Legs, doz	@ 50	Smelts, ₩ lb . .	@ 17
Green Turtle, ₩ lb	@ 20	White fish, ₩ lb .	@ 17
Haddock, ₩ lb . .	@ 8		

Fish—Dry, Smoked, Shell, &c.

Cod, dry, ₩ lb . .	8 @ 10	Lobster, ₩ lb . .	@ 10
Cusk, ₩ lb . . .	@ 25	Clams—Gum stew,	
Halibut, smkd, ₩ lb	@ 15	₩ gal	@ 1 40
Fins, ₩ lb . . .	@ 12	Salmon, smk'd ₩ lb	@ 25
Herring, do. ₩ doz	@ 20	Shrimps, ₩ qt . .	@ 20
Scaled, ₩ box .	@ 35	Soft sh. crabs, dz	@ 1 00
Mackerel—		Tongues and Sounds—	
Salt, each . . .	@ 8	₩ lb	@ 12½
Salt, ₩ kit . .	3 00 @ 5 00		

PRODUCE MARKETS.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1, 1882.

The market is moderately active, and there is a firm tone to prices all round, with a tendency generally to higher figures.

Butter.—Receipts of the week 11,736 pks and 1756 bxs. The market for choice creamery is very strong, and prices are higher, but still comparatively lower than in other markets. There is no change to note in the lower grades, with which the market is well supplied, but holders find it easier to dispose of round lots. We quote choice freshly made creameries at 35 @36c, and summer creameries at 29@30c per lb; choice dairies are held at 28@30c with selections higher; long dairies at 24@27c, and common at 20@22c; choice fresh Western dairy at 24@25c; choice fresh factory at 18@19c; common to good at 16@17c; bakers' at 15@16c; choice June factory at 19@20c.

The St. Albans butter market on Tuesday was firm and prices from 1 to 3 cents per lb higher than last week. 1500 packages were shipped, the general range of prices being from 30@32c, with selections at 33@35c, and fair to good at 25@28c per lb.

Cheese.—Receipts of the week 10,998 boxes and —

New England Farmer,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

DARLING & KEITH,

34 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements, 1st insertion, 12 cts. per line.
Each subsequent insertion, 8 " " "
Business Notices, first 15 " "
Each subsequent " 12 " "
Reading Matter Notices, . . . 50 " "

Advertisements must be sent in as early in the week as Tuesday, to secure insertion.

Advertisers are charged for the space occupied in this paper.

Quarterly advertising must be prepaid.

Payment advertising without extra charge.

No advertisement inserted for less than one dollar.

Special terms for Probate and Farm Advertising.

☞ The above are net prices for all advertising less than $100 in amount.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

The following gentlemen, who are authorized Agents for the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, will canvass for subscriptions in the following Counties in the States named:

. . . WORCESTER Co., Ms
. . . ORANGE Co., Vt.
. . . ADDISON Co., Vt.
. . . WALDO, PISCATAQUIS, AROOSTOOK Cos., ME.
. . . PLYMOUTH, MASS.
. . . CHESHIRE Co., N. H

. . . to forward their subscriptions to Agent to call. The date above each name show how far they have paid.

Farmers' Directory.

Cards appear in this column and most reliable in the city.

KENDRICK & MURPHY,
No. 47 Cor. Franklin, Boston,
Manufacture the "Concord Harness," Standard everywhere, and sold by skilled mechanics, made of Oak tanned Leather. All kinds of heavy HARNESS

HIGHLAND FOUNDRY CO.,
and dealers in
FURNACES, RANGES, STOVES, HOLLOW WARE, Etc.,
No. 87, 89 & 91 North St. Salesroom Sudbury Street, Boston.

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO.
The Cheapest and Reliable Fertilizer. For Sale by Local Agents throughout New England, and
Pamphlets and directions furnished by
GLIDDEN & CURTIS,
No. 4 Commercial Wharf, BOSTON.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

ESTABLISHED IN 1857.
JOHN J. BICELOW & CO.,
WHOLESALE FRUIT AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 11 MARKET STREET,
Dealers in the line of Fruit, Produce, &c.

ESTABLISHED 1818.
AMOS KEYES & CO.,
DEALERS IN
BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, POULTRY,
Beans, Dried and Evaporated Apples, &c.
No. 26 Blackstone St., BOSTON.
Refer to CHAS. A. REYES
Cash guaranteed.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
WM. F. BROOKS & CO.
Commission and Wholesale Dealers in
FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Beans, Pork, Lard, Poultry, Dried Apples, &c.
Consignments Solicited.
26 Blackstone St., Cor. New England House, BOSTON. Chas. O. Brooks.

FURNITURE.

Established in 1836.
W. P. B. BROOKS,
DEALER IN
FURNITURE, CARPETINGS,
Stoves, Feathers, Mattresses, Clocks, &c.
151 HANOVER STREET,
3 Limestone St., BOSTON. 9 Marshall St.

INSURANCE.

Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
QUINCY, MASS., January 1, 1882, $440,183.00
Cash Capital, ... $253,509.74
Reserve for all unpaid losses and all other liabilities, ... 15,135.79
Net Surplus over Capital and all liabilities, ... 18,996.26
TOTAL ASSETS, ... $287,641.79
AMOUNT PAID IN FULL.
For losses during the year ending December 31st, 1881, ... $186,673.26
Dividends during the year ending December 31st, 1881, 50 per cent. on scrip of 5 years, and 20 per cent. on scrip of 4 years.
WM. WATSON, Pres't and Treas. 17

General Intelligence.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has resigned the Professorship of Anatomy in the Harvard Medical University, which he has held for many years, and for the last twenty years has been Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Atlantic Monthly.

Rev. J. B. Harris, one of the best known Methodist preachers in Philadelphia, astonished his people on the Sunday before the great ecclesiastical celebration, by a vigorous denunciation of the time-honored patron Saint, William Penn, for his savagery in introducing rum among the Indians of Pennsylvania, declaring that the introduction of "fire water" among the savages resulted in more outrages than their own wild and lawless spirit, and should be forever execrated.

Rev. Tom Ashwell of London has sent Mr. Gladstone a challenge to paint a large picture of the combat between the Harvard and Yale crews, in which Admiral Farragut so distinguished himself.

Bishop Simpson and Pope has been appointed a Major-General McDowell, and Colonel Alexander Mackenzie has been promoted Brigadier-generalship.

Mr. Bryant has chosen the title of Admiral Seymour that of Admiral Arabi. The latter is sixty-one years old.

Baron Wilhelm Reitter, a child of Frankfort refused to live with a mother and cook and began to eat the cat. He was taken out the custody of a congregation, ac- law, so that he might be fitted for pursuing his de- ish ritual.

AGRICULTURE IN ENGLAND.—The agricultural returns of England for 1882 do not indicate any improved state of things. The total area under crops, including meadow and grass, has decreased since 1881 by 114,327 acres. The acreage of the country is divided as follows: Of which one-half is under pasture, 12,000,000 under crops, and almost a million each for marsh, house, road and water. There has been a gradual diminution of the area under cultivation for the last twenty years. The country has 184,692 fewer sheep and 30,000 more pigs, 30,000 more horses than it had a year ago; but it has 100,000 more pigs, 30,000 more head of cattle, and 26,225 more poultry.

Mr. Thomas Court.—An old physician, residing in Dublin, having had placed in his hands a valuable Indian missionary the formula of a remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his sufferers. Actuated by this motive and a drsire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The World Abroad.

SUMMARY OF LATEST FOREIGN DISPATCHES.

Great Britain.

Both Houses of Parliament have agreed to a vote of thanks to the British army for their services in Egypt. The House of Lords has adjourned to November 10, by which time it is expected that the Commons will have finished their debate on the rules of procedure and will be ready to adjourn.

A committee has been appointed to investigate the imprisonment of Mr. E. Dwyer Gray.

Mr. Parnell has given notice that at the proper time he should call attention to the administration of the land and coercion acts and move a resolution in reference thereto. The Irish parliamentary party have decided to support an amendment to the arrears of rent bill, so as to extend the time given to the tenant to make settlement with the landlord for the rent for the year 1881.

Sir Charles Dilke has stated in a reply to a question in the House of Commons that a correspondence had been proceeding with the United States government in regard to the Newfoundland fisheries, but no arrangement has as yet been arrived at. The last despatch was dated in July. The Newfoundland government has not yet paid the compensation. The compensation referred to is the money due by the Colonial government to the Imperial government for the latter's disbursements to the United States as damages for the Fortune Bay affair.

The quarrel over the alleged misappropriation of the funds of the Land League increases in bitterness, and charges and denials and counter charges are freely exchanged among the leaders of both factions.

There is a very short crop throughout the whole western section of Ireland, and fears of another famine are expressed.

The crofters in the Isle of Skye are unable to pay their rent, and writs of ejectment have been issued, which it has been decided necessary to serve by the aid of military.

General Wolseley arrived in London on Saturday from Egypt and was enthusiastically received.

The Royal Hotel, assembly rooms and several other large buildings at Margate, England, were destroyed by fire on Saturday. The property loss will aggregate $300,000.

The Thames river has overflown its banks, and the waters are still rising. The houses adjacent to Thames street, London, are nearly all submerged.

It is believed in England that the cost of the late war in Egypt will amount to nearly £4,000,000 exclusive of the expense of the army of occupation and the Indian continnent.

France.

France appears to be on the verge of one of her periodical bursts of anarchy. The troubles at Lyons have at length obliged the government to resort to a display of force, and troops now occupy the railway and all strategic points in the city. The soldiers have been strictly forbidden to hold communications with civilians. The forts dominating Lyons are prepared at the word of command to lay any portion of the city in ashes. If further explosions occur the city will be placed under martial law. Threatening letters abound. The archbishop and the director of the post-office have received such missives, and the persons of both are carefully guarded. The disturbances are the work of an organized society of Anarchists, similar to the Nihilists of Russia, which has its supporters in almost all the towns and manufacturing villages of France, and even extends to other countries. A manifesto of the Anarchist League has been made public, which is said to have been decided upon at a meeting of the directing committee in Geneva recently, and which declares that the members of the league are enemies of all law, religion, employers and owners of property. Proclamations have been posted on the walls in Paris appealing to the people to commit acts of violence against the "slave-driving bourgeoisie." Affixed to the proclamations as a signature is a representation of a drawn dagger. The documents end thus; "Mort aux exploiteurs; vive la revolution sociale." The police removed the proclamations. The greatest anxiety is felt throughout the country, although the government profess to be under no apprehension, and to be fully prepared to meet any emergency.

The governments of France and England have come into full accord on the subject of affairs in Tunis and the French programme will be carried out in all essential particulars.

Floods have stopped traffic between Marseilles and Cannes, France, and the latter town is inundated.

Egypt.

The examination of the witnesses against Arabi Bey has been concluded. It is reported that the Porte is making strenuous efforts to have the trial abandoned, which is hardly to be wondered at, since Arabi will claim, or his lawyers will claim for him, that he acted, after July 10, by direct command from the sultan, a claim that he will be very likely to demonstrate, if the counsel are allowed the latitude usual in the conduct of trials in European countries.

The whole of Egypt south of Khartoum is in possession of the false prophet and it is estimated that it will require 20,000 men to suppress his insurrection and that it will cost £2,000,000.

General Items.

The Italian election on Sunday, which was the first one held since the adoption of universal suffrage, passed off quietly. All the members of the late Cabinet were re-elected. The ministerialists claim a large majority in the new chamber.

Terrible floods have taken place in the Tyrol, causing incalculable loss. The people are taking to flight, destitute of everything. The inhabitants of some of the towns lost in the mountains are starving. The face of the country has been entirely changed in many places, houses, forests, and even the soil itself being washed away in one place to so great a depth as to wash the dead out of their graves in the cemeteries.

The Servian ministry has resigned, alleging as a reason that the King is dissatisfied at their failure to discover the recent plot to murder him. The King has refused to accept their resignations.

The Bey of Tunis died at Carthage on Sunday evening. Sidi Ali, brother of the deceased, succeeds to the throne, and has already assumed power.

The result of the elections for the Prussian Diet is that the conservatives and free-conservatives have gained twelve seats, principally at the expense of the national liberals.

The volcano of Etna is beginning to show great activity, and at the same time the volcano of Kilauia in the Sandwich Islands is in eruption on a grander scale than for a quarter of a century. An earthquake and a tidal wave in the Isthmus of Panama on the 11th of October damaged the works of the canal company to the extent of over $85,000.

In a letter from Hon. Mrs. Pery, Castle Grey' Limerick, Ireland; Brown's Bronchial Troches are thus referred to:—"Having brought your 'Bronchial Troches' with me when I came to reside here, I found that after I had given them away to those I considered required them, the poor people will walk for miles to get a few. For Coughs, Colds and Throat Diseases they have no equal. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.

Probably the youngest farmers in the country are two children living near Shreveport, La., who have eight acres in cotton and ten acres in corn, and will make good crops. The children are brother and sister, aged respectively thirteen and ten years, and have done most of their own work.

What's in a Name.—A great deal, to be sure. Wouldn't you rather bear the name of Washington than Guiteau? And wouldn't you rather have Swayne's Pills than any other kind in the market? By their use all female irregularities are restored to a healthy condition. They neither stupe, produce nausea or any other unpleasant sensation. They are warranted to cure the great variety of diseases which begin with derangements of the stomach, bowels and kidneys. Entirely vegetable. Ask your druggist for them.

During the past two years the death rate in the village of Zoar, Mass., has steadily increased, and Professor Mears of Williams College, after a patient investigation into the causes of this fact, has traced the increased mortality to the fumes of the charcoal kilns which were established on the mountain side two years ago. Ever since that time a steady stream of carbonic acid gas has been rolling down into the valley, until now the air is completely saturated with the poison, and persons with weak lungs find the atmosphere completely irrespirable.

"HOUGH ON RATS."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

Says the American *Contract Journal*: In the rivers rolling to the sea are millions of horse power daily running to waste. We do not appreciate the brook and river because they are near and have been there so long. Had they commenced flowing but to-day we would have hastened to harness them.

It seems impossible that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such great cures as Hop Bitters do; but when old and worn out by all kinds of poor, pretended doctors, saw, and offer, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer.

A German manufacturer has determined mathematically that in windmills the most serviceable wind is that blowing at a velocity of twenty-three feet per second. The fans of the mill, with such a force, drive with nearly double the velocity of the wind.

Hundreds of letters from those using Ayer's Hair Vigor attest its value as a restorer of gray hair to its natural color. As a stimulant and tonic, preventing and often curing baldness, and cleansing and soothing the scalp, its use cannot be too strongly recommended.

Glass spinning and glass flower manufacture are a very extensive branch of American glass industry. It is now so developed that a petroleum flame gives some 1550 yards of glass thread every minute, that is woven not only for glass cloth, etc., but also for watch chains, brushes, etc.

The *Hop Plaster* will cure Back Ache, and all other pains instantly. 25 cts. only, at druggists.

It seems probable that the electric light will be largely employed in dyeing works, where also electricity may be employed for other purposes. At night the light permits the matching of colors as in daylight, and in the daytime the current may be employed for electro-chemical purposes.

The late Matt. Carpenter suffered for years with disease of the heart. So, too, did Fernando Wood. These men were intellectual giants, and also splendid specimens of manly physical proportions. A few bottles of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator would have cured them of heart troubles, and have saved them for many long years yet to come. Get at druggists.

An extensive deposit of rich iron ore has been discovered near Waukon, Alexandria county, Iowa. It is said to be finer than the Lake Superior ore, with less phosphorus, and better adapted to the manufacture of steel. Milwaukee capitalists have bought the tract and will work the mine.

SKINNY MEN.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

The Pall Mall *Gazette* accuses British farmers of buying large quantities of American oleomargarine, working it up into rolls, and retailing it in the market as a genuine product of the English dairy. The profit is very large.

Much distress and sickness attributed to dyspepsia and chronic diarrhœa is occasioned by humor in the stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy.

The persistence of the magnetic property observed in certain trees is attributed by M. Larroque to the transportation by lightning of small particles of iron acid in suspension with other matter, which makes up what is known as the dust of the air.

***"Too late to whet the sword when the trumpet sounds to draw it." But never too late to whet your appetite by taking Kidney-Wort, restoring health and making yourself a well, strong, hearty man. It is unequalled as a remedy for all liver, bowels and kidney diseases. All druggists keep and recommend it.

There is eminent medical authority, says the Boston *Journal of Chemistry*, for the statement that nurine or very old potatoes contain a certain quantity of solanine. This may produce serious results if the potatoes are boiled with their skins on, and if they are eaten in large quantities.

Physicians Say It.—Vegetine gives an equal circulation of the blood. All physicians will agree that there is scarcely a disease but that could almost instantly be disposed of if pure blood could be circulated generously through the parts affected. Now, this is the way in which Vegetine performs its wonderful cures. Vegetine is exclusively a vegetable compound, made from roots, herbs and barks.

A Dresden watchmaker has made a paper watch which is said to be as serviceable as those in ordinary use.

Every lady, rich or poor, should be acquainted with the value of James Pyle's Pearline for all cleansing purposes. Its usefulness in domestic economy cannot well be over estimated.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the stomach and kidneys and aids digestion.

There is one thing certain, however, call it malaria or what you may, and it generally comes without calling, where ill health does exist Simmons Liver Regulator will restore it.

If, after all that has been said through these columns, you are still in doubt of the excellence of Thatcher's Orange Butter Color, is it possible to devise a means that will induce you to give it one trial?

Business Notices.

Agents can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 sent free. For full particulars address E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay St., N. Y. 1y48

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Meets the wants of those who need a medicine to build them up, give an appetite, purify the blood, and oil up the machinery of their bodies. No article takes hold of the system and hits the spot like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It works like magic, reaching every part of the human body through the blood, giving to all renewed life and energy. $1.00 a bottle; six for $5.00. Sold by druggists. Made by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIED.

At Woodsville, N. H., Oct. 25, by Rev. S. S. Nickerson of Sugar Hill, Mr. Albert A. Clement of Woburn Mass., and Miss Elvah S. Marston of Woodsville. Also at same time and place, Mr. George J. Sargent of Concord, N. H., and Miss Lucy M. Marston of Woodsville.

In Somerville, Oct. 22, by Rev. A. E. Winship, Alton E. Whittaker to Jennie E. North.

In Newton Centre, Oct. 25, by Rev. Bradford K. Pierce, D. D., William S. Walbridge of Boston to Alice L. Libbey of Newton Centre.

In Duxbury, Oct. 25, by Rev. Isaac Dunham of Bridgewater, Walter West, Esq., of Boston, to Miss Marbea B. Winsor of Duxbury.

In Newburyport, Oct. 19, by Rev. Daniel Richards, Mr. Otis L. Noyes to Miss Priscilla Hewitt.

DIED.

In South Boston, Oct. 24, George B. Standish, 81 yrs. 1 mo.

In Dorchester, Oct. 28, Stephen Tolman, 71 yrs. 9 mos.

In Roxbury, Oct. 22, Mrs. Hannah Hendley, 94 yrs. 11 mos.

In Cambridge, Oct. 26, Miss Hannah Ackers, 82 yrs.

In Concord, Mass., Oct. 25, Helen Maynard, widow of the late Joseph B. Keyes, 51 yrs.

In Duxbury, Oct. 24, Capt. Daniel L. Winsor, 78 yrs.

In Framingham, Oct. 22, John Forrister, 67 yrs.

In Medford, Oct. 21, Silas B. Goldthwait, 73 yrs.

In Holbrook, Oct. 24, Elisha Belcher, 87 yrs. 3 mos.

In Newton Lower Falls, Oct. 27, Elizabeth D. Neal, 60 yrs. 11 mos.

In Lynn, Oct. 24, Sarah S. Lovejoy, wife of Charles Lovejoy, 61 yrs.

In Hingham, Mrs. Ruth Dayton, 84 yrs. 2 mos.

In North Weymouth, Oct. 25, Margaret McFarlane Chapin, wife of Rev. F. V. Chapin, 40 yrs. 7 mos.

In Canton, Oct. 24, Margaret, wife of Robert Williams, 44 yrs.

In Worcester, Oct. 20, Willard Sanders, 61 yrs.

In South Reboboth, Oct. 20, Charles F. Horton, 52 yrs.

In Kennebunkport, Me., Oct. 26, Mrs. Lois W. Perkins, 94 yrs. 1 mo.

☞ *Persons ordering articles advertised in our columns, will please say that they saw the advertisement in the NEW ENGLAND FARMER.*

New Advertisements.

"Perhaps the most judiciously edited magazine in the world."—The Nation, N. Y., Sept., 1882.

THE CENTURY

For 1882-83.

The twelfth year of this magazine—the first under the new name, and the most successful in its history, closed with the October number. The circulation has shown a large gain over that of the preceding season, and The Century begins its thirteenth year with an edition of

140,000 Copies.

The following are the leading features:

A NEW NOVEL BY W. D. HOWELLS, to succeed this author's "Modern Instance." It will be an international story, entitled "A Sea-Change."

A SERIES OF PAPERS ON THE THIRTEEN COLONIES, BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,—the leading historical feature of the year; to consist of a number of papers, on such topics as "The Beginning of a Nation," "Social Life in the Colonies," etc., the whole forming a complete history of early life in the United States. Especial attention will be paid to accuracy of illustrations.

A NOVELETTE OF MINING LIFE, BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE, entitled "The Led Horse Claim," to be illustrated by the author.

THE POINT OF VIEW, BY HENRY JAMES, Jr., a series of eight letters from imaginary persons of various nationalities, criticising America, its people, society, manners, railroads, etc.

THE CHRISTIAN LEAGUE OF CONNECTICUT, by the Rev. Washington Gladden. An account of practical cooperation in Christian work, showing how a league was formed in a small town in Connecticut, what kinds of work it attempted, and how it spread throughout the whole State.

"RUDDER GRANGE ABROAD," by Frank R. Stockton, a continuation of the droll "Rudder Grange" stories, the scene being now in Europe.

THE NEW ERA IN AMERICAN HOUSE-BUILDING, a series of four papers, fully illustrated, devoted to (1) City Houses, (2) Country Houses, (3) Churches, and (4) Public Buildings.

THE CREOLES OF LOUISIANA, by Geo. W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days," etc.; a fresh and graphic narrative, richly illustrated.

MY ADVENTURES IN ZUNI, by Frank H. Cushing, government ethnologist, an adopted member of the Zuni tribe of Indians. Illustrated.

ILLUSTRATED PAPERS ON THE NATIONAL CAPITAL, including "The Capitol," "The Supreme Court," "The White House," etc.

MISSIONS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, by "H. H.," three or four papers of an exceedingly interesting character, richly illustrated.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Further work is expected from E. C. Stedman, Thomas Hughes, Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus,") Charles Dudley Warner, John Burroughs, E. V. Smalley, H. H. Boyesen, and a long list of others. Entertaining short stories and novelettes will be among the leading features of The Century, as heretofore, and the magazine will continue its advance in general excellence.

The subscription price is $4.00 a year; 35 cents a number. Subscriptions should begin with the November number, and to enable new subscribers to commence with the new series under The Century name, we make the following

SPECIAL OFFER.

A year's subscription from Nov., 1882, and the twelve numbers of the past year, unbound, $6.00. A subscription and the twelve back numbers bound in two elegant volumes with gilt top, $7.50.

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As regards musical compositions of note, America is undoubtedly young. A great deal has, however, during the last few years, been accomplished. The following are all by native composers:—

Zenobia. ($2.00.) By S. G. Pratt.
A grand Opera of much merit.
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A sacred Cantata for mixed voices.
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An impressive and musical Cantata.
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A first class sacred composition.
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Also his Sacred Songs. Title words and music.
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Grand and beautiful scenic Cantata.
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A legend of the crusaders, set to music.
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In short for your cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Stomach's Disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer? 4t43

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Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.
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A new serial story by J. T. Trowbridge, formerly editor of "Our Young Folks," and author of "The Jack Hazard Stories," etc.

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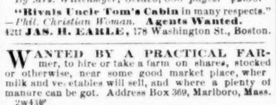

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Poetry.

From the Cambridge Tribune.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

BY MRS. E. O. JEWELL.

It never dies—a mother's holy love
Strengthens with every ill that may betide;
In every phase of life its waters move
With current strong, and fathomless and wide.
From the heart's altar other flames may rise,
And while they seem as warm, and grand, and high,
The incense of one lives to reach the skies—
A mother's tender love can never die.

They never die—the songs of other days,
The unstrung harps all covered o'er with dust,
Are in some rambling storehouse laid away
With many other wrecks of love and trust.
At eventide, when all around is still,
Each harp throws off the dust with gentle sigh,
And voices long since hushed our chambers fill
With songs of other days that never die.

It never dies—the memory of a wrong
Done to an innocent and trusting heart;
Though outwardly it seemeth well and strong,
A pain is there which never can depart.
Time o'er the spot may weave a fair new skin,
And every trace be hid-den from the eye,
But all the agony is closed within,
And wounds thus healed are never known to die.

They never die—the kindly deed and word
Given to the needy without pomp or pride;
Sooner or later they reap their reward
Who pass not over to the other side;
And crumbs thus cast upon the sea of life
May not return as man is sailing o'er,
But when he rests from agony and strife,
He'll find the loaves upon the other shore.

It never dies—the bow of promise set
In every landscape, be it bleak or fair.
There's hope for all upon life's billowy,et,
For God's own hand hath placed the token there;
Though overwhelming storms of wind and rain
Chase every sunbeam from the pilgrim's sky,
After much peril 'twill gleam forth again,
For rainbows come and go, but never die.

They never die—the moon, and stars, and sun
Have shone upon the wicked and the just
Since God's most glorious handiwork was done,
And men arose so mighty from the dust;
For when we close our eyes upon this world,
To open them in Heaven by and-by,
The same blue banner there will be unfurled,
With sun, and moon, and stars, that never die.

The Story Teller.

From Tinsley's Magazine.

MY LITTLE MISTAKES.

BY J. FITZGERALD MOLLOY.

The Phelans had a baby. Tom sent me a telegram announcing what he called the happy event; for I had known him since we were both at school, where he was generally called the "Fat Boy," and many of the fellows entertained the rooted idea that he was a lineal descendant of the "fat boy" whom Charles Dickens has immortalized in "Pickwick."

Tom Phelan was not only a fat boy, but, in accordance with the promise of his youth, he became a fat young man, with a mellow face like an over-ripe pear, and an amply proportioned person. Indeed, it was because of that genial, happy look and general air of comfort which his fatness imparted, that little May O'Rourke fell in love with and finally married him. For this sufficient reason Tom thought her the wisest woman of her generation, and quite believed in his inner consciousness that Nature had endowed her with rare and admirable taste.

Twelve months ago I had acted as Tom's best man; he had asked me to stand by him to the last, and I did. I saw him through the painful ceremony, during which he was stared at in the keenest way by all the bride's female friends, including eight charming bridesmaids, not one of whom during the time vouchsafed me a glance; for by comparison with the bridegroom I was an uninteresting man, who had not the heart, the courage, the good taste or the sense to take any woman for better or worse; therefore, in the presence of this noble specimen of humanity, the bridegroom, I was insignificant.

If ever a man was uncomfortable in his life, Tom Phelan was, under the uninterrupted gaze of these fair creatures, and of the crowds of the bride's relations assembled for the occasion, in all their strength and glory, inside the walls of St. Bride's Church, Dublin.

At the breakfast some one made a long speech, in which so many magnificent things were said with so much grandiloquence, that the bride began to weep; and poor Tom, who thought it his duty to harmonize in all things with the feelings of his new-made wife, was about to allow himself to be overcome, and shed a few tears also, when he caught the stern and reproachful gaze of his newly-made mother-in-law, and that one glance decided the matter, and stayed his emotion immediately.

I saw him through it all, poor fellow, as I promised. I was true to my trust, and at the last moment, whilst the carriage which was to convey him and his bride away, waited, I extracted a few grains of rice which had lodged themselves in his left eye, and picked up his best hat, which had been rudely knocked off his head by the blow of an old slipper from some friendly, but awkward hand.

So, as I commenced by stating, they had now a baby, and they made as much fuss and excitement over the fact as if it were the most wonderful, instead of the most natural thing in life. The day after receiving the telegram I had a letter from Tom, in which he described the infant as the finest baby his sisters, his cousins and his aunts—and, collectively, their names are legion—had ever seen. It was a boy, and nothing would please him but that I should, a fortnight after the receipt of his letter, cross the Channel, and stand godfather to his first-born.

No doubt he considered he paid me a compliment; for he seemed to lay great stress on the fact of my being requested to stand in such a position to the "first-born," and gave me to understand the honor would not be so great if I were, in the coming time, asked to hold the same position toward other little types of humanity, that, in the course of years, he fully expected—nay, hoped—would present themselves.

I would do anything to oblige an old friend like Tom Phelan, even to getting seasick; so I crossed over to Kingstown, suffering that malady in all its horrors, during which time I did not exactly bless this young Phelan on whose account I had undertaken the journey.

My old friend was waiting for me on the pier, his round, ruddy face beaming with happiness, and brimming over with smiles. I felt at that moment that he must be a complete contrast to myself, for *mal de mer* always made me look the color of an unripe lemon, and certainly did not improve my temper.

"Well, my boy," he said, seizing my hand, and jerking my arm up and down as if he had mistaken it for a pump-handle, "How are you?"

"Very bad. We have had a rough night," I replied, as briefly as I could, whilst I watched two porters disputing for the possession of my portmanteau.

I suppose Tom saw that I was yet suffering from the effects of my voyage, and was somewhat out of sorts, for he did not speak to me for some time. When he did, it was in a tone of reproach.

"Fitz, you have not asked me how he is," he said.

"He?—whom?" I inquired, rather mystified.

"Your little godson."

"Oh, of course; how stupid I am! I beg your pardon, my dear fellow; how is he? All right, I hope?" ("If the fond parent had only heard my fervent prayers for his heir a few hours ago!" I thought to myself, feeling, for the first time in my life, a bit of a hypocrite.)

"He is a wonderful big infant, they tell me," said the affectionate parent, with an air of pride, and some assumption of indifference.

"Is he?" I asked, with what I hoped was a tone expressive of interest.

Tom was so good-natured that he had already forgiven me my want of thought.

"When is it to be, Tom?" I asked, presently.

"What?" he asked.

"The christening, of course," said I.

"Wednesday," he answered; "and we have decided to leave the selection of his name to you."

"My dear fellow, that is too much responsibility; if I gave the boy a name he disliked, like Christopher, or Tobias, or Alonzo, or Simon, he would never forgive me when he grew up, and would hate me to the day of his death."

"What nonsense you talk, Fitz! You can talk it over with May, and come to some arrangement."

"One question," said I abruptly, stopping in our walk toward the brougham that was to carry us to Tom's comfortable home; "shall I have to hold him at the font?"

"Yes—that is, no; upon my life I can't say. Why?"

"Because I have never held one before, and I am sure I should let it fall. I have never seen one—having no married relatives or friends—except in a 'bus or in a perambulator in the streets; and I am rather afraid of them. I am, upon my life. I think they are all bad-tempered and bad-mannered, and have a common habit of working themselves into frightful passions about nothing in particular, just to plague people and make them uncomfortable."

For answer my fat friend shook his fat sides with laughter, and, when he could speak, said:

"You talk like a bachelor, Fitz."

"You forget I have not had twelve months experience of matrimony," I said, hitting him home.

He only laughed all the more at this. My reply seemed to please his fancy.

"It would be the best thing in life for you if you had; it would make you a happy man," he said, when he recovered himself. "Take my word for it, you don't know what comfort is till you're married."

"I am not very miserable in my present state of blessed bachelorhood, and in no hurry to make a change," said I.

"Then you are wrong, my boy. Do you know why I sent for you?" he said, looking at me suddenly, and, as I thought afterward, speculatively.

"To stand godfather to your son, of course."

"That is one reason; but I have another. May and I have laid a plot. I'm afraid I'm spoiling sport by telling you, but I'm hanged if I can hold my tongue."

"I am the victim of your plot, I suppose?" I inquired, mildly.

"You are, my boy. We want to make you as happy as ourselves by marrying you to one of the brightest and best of girls. She is just the one to make you as happy as you could desire."

"Upon my life, you are awfully good, both of you; but I have no inclination to join the list of martyrs—I mean to—to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony."

"We will say no more about her until you see her."

"When will that be?" I asked, feeling rather curious to see the woman who my friends had decided was to make me a happy man.

"On Wednesday morning; she is to be one of the godmothers."

There was much ado about that christening. The cake was of a gigantic size, as if ordered with a merciful consideration for the healthy appetites of the sisters, cousins and aunts of Tom Phelan and his wife. The previous night a dinner was given to celebrate the event more fitly. I was dressed early, and went down into the drawing-room, where Tom was talking to Mrs. MacFum, a little woman with a twinkle in her eyes, and a juvenile cap on her head, who prided herself on being connected with the family of the great MacFums, to whom Brian Boru himself was but an upstart, and the lords of Kildare and Leinster but "mushrooms, me dear, if it comes to that," as she used to say, with a sense of pride, expressed by a sudden backward jerk of her head, that made the lace of her cap flutter arily, and the roses tremble from exaltation, in more senses than one, on their wire stems. When my host had introduced me, and she had nodded her juvenile cap in recognition of my best bow, she went on with the narrative of what her dear friend Lady Ariadne had said to her when she was last in London, which Tom had interrupted for the purpose of introducing me.

I saw that he was impatient to get away, but there was no use in his striving to stir from Mrs. MacFum just then, who started with a fresh anecdote of what Tom Moore had told her he had said to Lady Blessington, when she sang, "Believe me if all;" and so I was left to make my acquaintance with the guests already arrived, all of whom were strangers to me.

"Charming day this has been," said a young lady, who evidently took pity on my forlorn condition.

"Charming—beautiful," I replied, looking at the speaker, who had the most wonderful, gray-blue Irish eyes I had ever seen, which had now a merry look in them they strove in vain to conceal.

She gave a pleasant, soft, musical laugh, when I had spoken.

"You forget that it has been raining all day," she said, looking at me with a quizzing gaze.

"So it has," said I, remembering the fact, and laughing with her at my mistake; all the while I felt myself blushing.

"I only spoke of the weather to break the conversational ice," she said.

"You are merciful," I answered, wondering if she was laughing at me.

"Am I? I saw you were a stranger to us, and Mr. Phelan is being instructed in the pedigree of the MacFums, I suppose, and cannot get away for a quarter of an hour to introduce you," she said, with a friendliness that set me at my ease at once.

"Will you allow me to do myself that pleasure?"

"I think I can spare you the trouble," she replied, in the most musical of voices. "You have come from London to stand godfather to baby?"

"I have," I answered, wondering how she knew, and watching with pleasure the arch look that suddenly darted into her wonderful eyes. I began to think that she had one of the most interesting faces I had ever seen. Her lips were red and saucy, and were, I thought just then, made to kiss and be kissed.

"Shall I point you out the godmother?" she asked, watching my face as she spoke.

"No—that is, yes," I replied, thinking of what Tom had told me, and just a little curious to see his beau ideal of my future wife.

"There she is, at the other side of the room, in a gray silk dress, talking with that stout little man with the brown wig."

"Do you mean—"

"Yes, that tall, angular lady, with the little bunch of curls at each side of her face. She has been a beauty in her day, and has just come in for a thousand a year, since which time she has had six proposals of marriage, and has stood godmother to one hundred and twenty three children. Before she came in for that legacy, no one ever noticed her; and though her manners have not changed in the least, the world has only now suddenly discovered that she is one of the most amiable women living. Now I always knew that fact, and stated it openly, though no one would believe it."

While my new friend spoke I felt that she was watching my face keenly. This, then, I said to myself, was the woman who Tom Phelan had assured me would make me a happy man. The lady was at least twenty years older than I was; but any disparity in that way Tom evidently thought would be made up to me by the fact of my future wife possessing a thousand a year. I began to think that my friend's character had undergone a change. I had always considered him far from mercenary; but probably the cares and expenses of his life had made him regard money in a different light from what he had done in the old days; and he thought he would do me a friendly turn by marrying me to a woman old enough to be my mother, because of her wealth. When I considered over these things I was sorry for Tom Phelan. Marriage, I thought, had not raised the tone of his mind. I looked over at him then, and saw a cheerful look on his round pleasant face, as if something had occurred that made him very happy. Probably, I said mentally, it is one of Mrs. MacFum's tales that makes this most good tempered of men deligh ed. When next I looked at my neighbor, she, too, I thought, had a merry expression in her eyes that seemed to spring from a look she exchanged with Tom Phelan.

"So that lady is to be baby's godmother?" I said presently, directing my gaze to the lady in gray silk, with the little bunch of curls confined by a tortoise shell comb, edged with a row of pearls, at each side of her thin, pale face.

"Yes. You must let me introduce you. Indeed you must know her. She is one of the best and kindest of women."

I began to wonder if my new friend was in the plot, too, and if she were engaged by Tom and Mrs. Tom to lend her assistance toward the desired end of marrying me to this spinster. I felt as if I should like to get up and run away out of the house and out of the toils that these good people evidently sought to ensnare me in; but the voice of this girl with the gray-blue eyes, that now sparkled with humor and anon melted into tenderness, almost in the same minute, as only Irish eyes can, held me a prisoner. I was unwilling to move from her side.

Though she did not tell me her name, she told me all about herself in a frank, naive manner that completed the charm she held over me and made me her faithful bondslave from that hour to this day. Her father was in India, she said; she and her mother were living in Bray during his absence. She expected him home next year, when she feared they would leave dear old Ireland and go on the Continent.

Then, suddenly, in the midst of her confidential chat, she asked me once more to cross the room with her and get introduced to the lady who was to be godmother to Tom Phelan's baby. Before I could answer her she stood up and waited for me to accompany her. Miss Fay was the name of the spinster, who was a mild, agreeable gentlewoman, with sad eyes and a gentle manner. When my new friend had introduced me she suddenly disappeared. Soon after some people who came in engaged Miss Fay's attention, and I was left alone.

Then Tom Phelan came up to me, beaming all over with smiles.

"You have not lost much time in making her acquaintance, Fitz, old boy."

"No," I answered, dryly, understanding what he meant.

"What do you think of her?"

He looked at me with his head on one side and a broad smile on his face.

"Think of her? She is very amiable." This in a stiff tone.

"You will get on famously together. She is the woman to make you happy, old man." This with an air of patronage and superiority.

"You are very good," said I, humoring him, and thinking at the same time how changed he was.

"Now, Fitz, I have arranged that you shall take in Mrs. Carey to dinner. May will introduce you. I want to ask you to make yourself agreeable to her; not too agreeable, you know, as you can do sometimes to women, for she has a husband, though he is in India. A safe distance, my boy."

"All right," I said.

Tom hurried away, and just then dinner was announced, the host giving his arm to Mrs. MacFum. The hostess pointed out a lady to me, whom I was to take down to the dining-room, and in a few minutes we were comfortably seated. My new friend sat opposite to me. I could see her bright face smiling across the flowers. Her eyes at once dazzled and fascinated me, and her voice made my heart flutter in an unaccustomed way. The lady whom I had taken down, and who now sat beside me, was a stout, solemn-faced woman arrayed in black velvet, who spoke very little. I was glad of this latter fact, for I could not, I felt, keep up a conversation. I was listening to the voice of my new friend, who talked well and wittily with her neighbors. Occasionally she directed an odd sentence to me across the flowers.

When the dessert was over, my neighbor in black velvet, with whom Tom Phelan had unnecessarily warned me not to flirt because of her having a husband in India, took up her fan and commenced to wave it gently to and fro.

"How hot it is!" she said to me, in a voice as subdued as if she spoke in a church.

"Yes," I replied, "the night is close, but we should not complain. If we had to bear the heat that your husband is at present enduring——"

Suddenly something went against my new friend's breath, then every one at my end of the table became all at once silent, and I saw that though some of them seemed grave enough, others strove to keep themselves from laughing outright. Tom Phelan, after a moment's keen struggle, strove to look as if nothing in particular had happened. What was the cause of all this I had not the slightest idea, but that something wrong had occurred there was no doubt.

Mrs. Phelan at this instant caught Mrs. MacFum's eye, and rose from the table; the other ladies followed. My neighbor, whom I had taken down, was the last to rise, and as she did so gave me a withering look, which I long remembered.

When the door was safely closed, Tom Phelan threw himself back in his chair and laughed until the tears rolled down his fat cheeks; the other men joined him, all looking at me the while.

"What is the joke?" I asked; "I am out in the cold."

"My dear fellow, Mrs. Carey, who sat next you, is a widow."

In a moment I saw the blunder I had made. I had taken down the wrong woman to dinner.

An hour afterward I had completely forgotten my little mistake; for by some chance I found myself by the side of my new friend, who was seated at the piano singing "Oft in the Stilly Night." I turned the leaves of the music, bending over her until I touched her once or twice. Her voice was soft and sweet; it stirred me in a way I had never before experienced, and made me strangely happy and sad almost in the same minute. When she had finished singing, and whilst I was yet bending over her on pretence of closing the book, our eyes met for a second; hers grew soft and liquid, and seemed to melt into a world of tenderness. My heart gave a great throb, and then I knew far better than all words could say, that we two had fallen in love.

When a man comes to make such a discovery, a sense of delicious happiness fills him, and makes all the world seem brighter than ever—which are poor things at best—can tell. Three hours ago and I had never met this woman; then fate—accident—chance—call it by what name you will, had flung us together; and a nameless look in her eyes, some stray tone in her voice, the touch of her hand, had woven a charm for me that mocked at and set to flight my ideas of happy bachelorhood; that revealed to me feelings and hopes which I had never known before, and which made me feel that, come weal or woe, this was she who must walk by my side all the days of my life. Do the gods sport with men as in the olden days? I asked myself.

An hour after she had sung that song, by some strange accident we found ourselves in the long garden that runs at the back of Tom's house. It was a glorious night in June; the air was cool and balmy, the smell of the flowers delightful; a young moon was in the cloudless sky.

"Well, how do you like Miss Fay?" The girl who had taken my heart captive asked, looking at me from under her dark lashes.

"Very much; but—but—may I say it?"

My heart was terribly anxious to speak.

"What?" she asked suddenly; but I noticed her eyes did not meet mine.

"I like some else much better."

I could hardly get the words out.

"Probably you do—some one in London?"

"No, some one in Ireland; some one who is standing beside me now."

There was silence in the garden after I had spoken. She did not reply or laugh, but raised her eyes and looked at me once; then I saw the color coming into her cheeks.

"I think I must go in, now," she said presently, "or they will miss me if they want me to sing."

"Give me a flower before you go?" I pleaded to her, not daring to say more.

She stooped down plucked a red rose, just touched her lips with it and handed it to me. When I looked at her there was the merry light in her eyes that I had seen there when she first spoke to me that evening. In another second she turned and ran toward the house.

I followed slowly. Just as I arrived at the glass doors of the dining-room that communicated with the garden, I came suddenly face to face with Tom Phelan.

"Well, Fitz, what are you doing out here?" he said, with a smile that I was ill-natured enough to set down in my mind as a grin. He spoke as if he intended to express surprise, but failed.

"D ing? Looking at the moon," I replied, staring up, as I spoke, in the summer sky.

"Don't you think a pair of gray eyes, better worth looking at" he asked, with a merry twinkle in his own.

"Perhaps," I answered calmly.

"I say, old man, you have behaved capitally—better than I expected."

There was a sudden change in his voice that struck me.

"How?"

"You have fallen in love—don't deny it—with the girl who will make you a happy man. You have done just as I wished, old fellow."

He placed his arm around my shoulders, as he had often done when we were boys at school.

"You make a mistake there, Tom; I have no desire to sell myself for a thousand a year."

"What do you mean?" he asked, with surprise shining in his good-natured face.

"I have no desire to marry the woman you were good enough to select for me—Miss Fay."

Tom burst out laughing, this time holding his fat sides as it he feared he should explode.

"What is the matter?" I asked when he had almost done.

"You will be the death of me, Fitz, if you go on making these little mistakes."

"I don't understand you," I said.

"You cunning dog! Why, you have been flirting all the evening with Kitty Berfort! I saw you both out here two minutes ago; and you have fallen in love with her like a sensible man, just as I wanted you to do."

"My dear fellow you said it was the boy's godmother you had selected for me, and that is Miss Fay."

"Miss Fay is one of them, Kitty Berfort is the other," and to emphasize his words Tom Phelan struck me on the shoulder with a blow that made me a stagger.

"You are a brick," I said to him, seizing his hand with enthusiasm.

Poor, good natured Tom Phelan! His eyes grew dim just for a second, as he returned my friendly grasp.

"Tom," I said, "God bless your boy!"

I spoke in such a grave, impressive voice that the happy father burst out laughing in my face. This time I joined him heartily.

Before I left the Green Isle Kitty Berfort and I became engaged. When her father came back from India we were married, and at our wedding breakfast Tom Phelan—who, by the way, had that week been presented with remarkably fine twins—told the story of my little mistakes.

General Miscellany.

PERSIAN CARPETS.

In the general havoc which the spread of Islam brought about in Oriental art, it is fortunate that no ban was laid upon the manufacture of carpets, but that contrariwise, the new religion gave a fresh stimulus to this famous branch of Eastern industry. Carpets are even more essential to the Moslem than pews to the Christian. The many prayers of the Mohammedan ritual must be said toward the point of the compass where Mecca stands, and no better indication of that point can be devised than that which the pattern of the prayer-carpet supplies. Moreover, the pious Moslem delights in decorating his sacred temples with hangings of fine tapestry; and the most exquisite products of the loom were frequently destined for the adornment of the holy Kaaba, or some scarcely less venerated shrine. Sometimes the whole interior of a mosque, such as that at Meshhed Ali, was hung with beautiful carpets; and the Mihrab, or niche toward Mecca, was always a favorite subject for such ornamentation, which in this case corresponds with the altar-hangings of Europe. Mats of less costly nature were spread on the floor; and it is on record that in 1012, A. D., the Mosque of El-Hakim at Cairo was strewn with thirty-six thousand ells of carpeting, at a cost of five thousand dinars, while the Azhar required thirteen thousand ells of striped mats a year.

The Kaaba at Mecca was covered with hangings in the "Days of Ignorance," before Islam was preached, and cloths from the Yemen, or a "white Chinese silk carpet," covered the shrine; and later on, the famous white and gold fabric of the Copts, or heavy velvet or plush carpets, from all parts of the East, were employed in the decoration of the Mecca temple. The rulers of the Mohammedan world vied with each other in presenting the richest covers to the Kaaba. The very Mongol Khans of Persia sent gorgeous hangings; and we read of a cover studded with gold and pearls, and precious stones, to the value of two hundred and fifty thousand gold pieces.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with the winter's snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid a throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her, and whispered low:
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and, without a hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy, and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's old, and poor, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said,

Was "God be kind to the noble boy
Who is *somebody's* son, and pride, and joy."

HOW JEHIEL MADE $50.

Also How the Young Vanderbilts Beat the Record.

Up in the White Mountains, a week or two ago, I heard of the latest achievement of the Vanderbilts. A party of the third generation of this interesting family, (reckoning from the Commodore,) was stopping at the Glen House. The party included two daughters and two sons-in-law of the reigning Vanderbilt, and a cousin or two. From the Glen House the carriage road ascends in seven miles to the summit of Mount Washington. Stages run up in about three hours' schedule time. The ascent is nowhere very steep, but it is steady and steep enough to make fairly hard pulling for the six-horse teams.

One day it occurred to the Vanderbilt party that noblesse obliged them to go up the mountain in quicker time than had ever been accomplished before this advent. They sent for Milliken. That affable person appeared, his tall hat on the back of his head, and heard the Vanderbilt commands.

"I can give you a special conveyance," said Milliken; "but I don't know about cutting much under three hours. It's an awful hard pull."

"But it must be done," said one of the sons-in-law. The other son-in-law took Milliken aside and warmly assured him that money was no consideration.

"Most people," persisted the eloquent proprietor of the Glen, find three hours none too long. The gradually unfolding succession of panoramic views, the new vistas that reveal themselves at every turn, the magnificent range that opens up as you scale the outworks and climb the massive shoulder of Mount Washington itself, skirting the huge and gloomy Gulf of Mexico, with Clay on your right, and beyond that the massive Jefferson; then Adams, with its sharp symmetrical peak, and finally Madison. In the distance the winding and lovely Androscoggin, like a thread of silver, to say nothing of—"

"No matter about all that," said one son-in-law. "We want your best team and your best driver, and if the thing can by any human possibility, be done in two hours and a half, we want to do it."

"That would be a very quick ascent," said Milliken, cautiously. "Nevertheless, we'll see what can be done."

The result of the protracted negotiations was that Milliken gave the Vanderbilt party his lightest mountain wagon, seating twelve, his six famous grays, the best team in the Glen House stables, and Jehiel Cooper to handle the leathers. Jehiel has been driving on the mountains since 1861.

They started in the morning, just before the regular stage, amid great excitement on the Glen House piazzas. Everybody had his watch in hand when Jehiel cracked the whip over the ears of the off leader, and almost everybody was provided with field glasses or telescope to watch the progress of the vehicle after it should have emerged from the wooded belt on the mountain side. "We shall do it!" shouted one of the sons-in-law to Milliken. Milliken removed his hat, and merely remarked: "Two hours and a half is mighty quick time."

"Now," said the sons-in-law to the driver, as the stage whirled past the toll-house, "do you suppose we shall do it?"

"Mebbe," replied Jehiel, with a yank at the jaw of one of the pole horses, who showed a disposition to caper. "The horses is in good fix, and the road is in good fix."

"Make it two hours and a half," returned the sons-in-law, "and it will be the best day's work you ever did."

The driver grinned and plied his lash. At the Half-way House all the watches were out. Jehiel pulled up to water the team in just one hour and thirteen minutes from the Glen. The excitement of the party increased. "An extra twenty-dollar bill if we fetch it in 2:20!" shouted the son-in-law on the back seat. "And a dollar extra for every minute under 2:20!" added the other son-in-law.

The stage spun up the mountain at a tremendous rate, verily whizzing around the sharp turns of the zigzag with a velocity that almost projected the representatives of $200,000,000 into the Gulf of Mexico. The progress of the party was now plainly visible to the interested spectators at the Glen House below. There was also suspense and excitement among the guests at the Summit, for Milliken had telegraphed up that the Vanderbilts were engaged in beating the record. The six gray horses drew up panting and steaming at the platform on the summit amid the cheers of the crowd. The sons-in-law sprang out and shook hands with each other and with the driver. The time-piece of one of them said two hours and four minutes, while the watch of the other made it two hours and two minutes. It was agreed to split the difference and fix the record at two hours and three minutes.

For nearly an hour the operator at the Summit House was kept very busy sending enthusiastic messages from the Vanderbilts to their friends in the world below. The family prestige had been vindicated. Some congratulatory replies began to pour in over the wire. The next morning every newspaper in New England contained the names of the Vanderbilts composing the party, and the fact that they had been driven up the mountain in the shortest time ever made on the carriage road.

Some days afterward I was discussing the achievement with another old mountain driver.

"I hear Jehiel's going to retire from the business," he remarked with a broad grin. "He's made his pile. Jehiel's a sly one."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean," said he, chuckling, "that when fools come along that are willing to pay greenbacks to see hosses run up hill at a four-mile gait, Jehiel's generally ready to accommodate 'em."

"And you don't consider two hours and three minutes the fastest time on record?"

Here he indulged in an explosion of profane mirth. "Record!" said he. "Nobody said anything about the record except themselves. They were bound to have it so, and who was going to contradict a Vanderbilt?"

"And what is the fastest time?"

"Well," said the old driver, "I druv those same six grays to the Summit week before last, in one hour and twenty-nine minutes with a load of seven trunks and a crate of poultry for the Widow Dodge at the hotel. But I didn't get no fifty dollar bill for doing it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE COMPOSITION OF SEWER GAS.—What is "sewer gas?" This term has been employed a long time by chemists, sanitarians, plumbers and others, to indicate the ordinary emanations from sewers; but recently certain gentlemen have taken exceptions to the term, denying that there is any such thing as sewer gas "having a peculiar and definite composition." This is undoubtedly true, and it is probable that no intelligent man or educated physician ever thought otherwise. What has been called "sewer gas," is composed of air, vapor, and gases in constantly varying proportions, together with living germs—vegetable and animal—and minute particles of putrescent matter. In short, it is composed of whatever is sufficiently volatile or buoyant to float in the atmosphere, and in consequence of which buoyancy it is permitted to escape through the various sewer outlets. The term is, in this sense, well understood; and it is, moreover, just as correct as would be the terms sewer vapor, or sewer air, which some have chosen to substitute for it. It is proper here to add that the offensiveness of odors is no test of their insalubrity, but that the most fatal germs are often conveyed in an atmosphere which is odorless. The absence of unpleasant odors, therefore, furnishes no proof that the air does not contain sewer emanations.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

OUR CRANBERRIES.

The distinctive crop of the Cape is gathered; the Cape thriftily counts the profits, and prepares for hibernation—and oysters. This year that profit is by no means large, thanks to the sinister activity of drought and insect. So cranberries are high, and the Cape knows it. On evenings of early fall tide, when the train's arrival shakes social life to its utmost depths, when sturdy neighbors crowd country stores with the rugged independence of slouch hat and cowhide, the fact forms a never failing topic to the village Solons. The village urchin knows it. It is basis enough for a shrewd bargain for extra half-cents. Every New England housewife knows it, or will know it, unless merry thanksgiving boards are to fail of oldtime garnishment. Yes, cranberries are high.

So the Cape picks away lustily and with good courage. Schools are closed or unattended; no travel along quiet highways in picking hours. Everywhere houses stand tenantless; while warm sunshine creeps unheeded into deserted rooms, and doorkeys lie somewhere in spots of safety, agreed upon by family conclave. On chilly autumn mornings, down lanes and through wood roads, go heavy, slow, work-wagons, carrying the pickers. It is a motley crowd—lively, good-natured, independent, "meaning business." Boys rampant and jocose, tull of spirits and not over fond of quiet; women who lose individuality in a monotony of plethoric sunbonnets, and in conspicuous absence of crinoline—such is the assembly. The Cape Codder does not work because he must—by no means. The thought is insult. But these slow-moving wagon loads are probably fully conscious of the good things cranberries bring them. The roistering small boy, lively with pranks not always decorous or usual in a society of which he knows and cares but little, sees in them the substantial comforts of tippet and stout shoes, coveted school-books or a winter suit. To many a hard-working house-wife they represent the only "ready money" of a twelvemonth, with its consequent household comfort or decoration. Many a fair damsel presents to herself the bonnets, sashes and the like, which instinctive love for beauty and a gracious desire to please and win crave for a less unselfish adornment. This crowd also knows exactly where it it is going; it guides its way with discretion. The Cape Codder is clannish; he will stick by his own. Yet the family seldom let sentiment seriously conflict with interest.

Truly, the crowning of the year is harvest time. Quiet and fruition then assumes for a time the wonted place of cark and care and struggle. Down in secluded nooks, in among the hills, lie the places where berries grow. Now, small in extent, and covered with neglected grass or briery rushes; now, broadening out under careful culture into the level sweep of unbroken acres, glossy vines conceal, beneath their own dark beauty, heavy, red clusters of the now ripened fruit. Bending low, in wearying posture, over the hanging berries, each in appointed space, works the gay, straggling line of pickers. Eager fingers, carefully protected from tangled vines by finger stalls and stockings, are now busily filling the measured vessels which gauge the earnings. Up and down behind the long, slender line, like a sentinel at his post, tramps the proprietor or foreman, watching lest eager haste leave scanty berries. Elsewhere the fruit is assorted and cleared from refuse; full barrels are headed up; creaking loads carted to the distant station. It is a busy scene, instinct with life, energy and purpose. Much human nature weaves itself into the long, peaceful day as work goes merrily forward. What whispered conferences between neighbors in the line! What delicious bits of recent gossip! What profound secrets—with sidelong glance at the oblivious proprietor—or how not to settle berries by shaking them, and how best to toss them up into seeming but fictitious abundance! Manœuvres, discounted months ago, by the size of the proprietor's measures. What rivalries and racings between the young folk! What long to be remembered "noonings"—gay with the lively shouts of laughing children or the cordial compliments of meeting neighbors! While all unconscious, but not unseen, runs often through the whole a much tenderer thread—though it be, in truth, but the iron logic of our human nature. What happiness to watchful swains, to pick beside blushing damsels in a divine devotion which is forever old and forever new! How quickly do certain measures fill themselves with a generosity which is more than repaid in the giving! Let us leave them—heads bending low at their busy work—to the society they most would prize themselves.

From this bustling and transient scene the eye turns gratefully and often to the now splendid livery of nature. Rugged, stern, Cape Cod, storm beaten and wind swept, reserves its choicest weather, its most gorgeous decoration of field and forest for its favorite crop. Around us, on encircling hills, stand those steadfast sentries, the little pines; bravely against this sombre background stand out birch and maple in the more than regal splendor of their gold and crimson. Here and there shows up the scarlet banner of the sumac or the stalwart garnet of the changing oak. About us is the warm atmosphere of hazy Indian summer, saturated to-day with mellow autumnal sunshine, and crisply invigorating with the hinted coolness of approaching winter. Above all, bends ever the passionless blue of a cloudless October sky. Thus Cape Cod gathers its cranberries.—*Advertiser.*

A TAME RAT.

I have for the last twenty years never been without a tame rat. The "monkey-room" is the general refuge for the sick animals belonging to my friends, and lucky are those animals who come into this hospital. I almost know where the rat I am writing about came from. I believe he was the one I rescued from an untimely end by being swallowed by the ant-eater at the Zoological Gardens. This rat has the bump of curiosity strongly developed, and nothing pleases him so much as to make an inspection of my writing-table. He creeps cautiously about and examines everything, his object being to steal. What he likes best is lump-sugar. My sugar-basin originally cost a penny; like the Portland Vase, it has been smashed and broken so often that it is impossible to estimate its present value. The cause of these numerous fractures is the rat, who, when he wants a bit of sugar, stands up on his hind legs, supporting himself with his tail in a tripod-like fashion, and upsets the sugar basin; then selecting a lump, he bolts with it. It is a remarkable fact that the rat never eats in the open; he takes all he steals back to his house. In order to do this he has to get on to the mantel-piece, which is about eighteen inches above the writing-table. To enable him to accomplish this, I have put up for him a rat-ladder, built somewhat on the lines of a salmon ladder. After I had shown him once or twice how to get up this ladder, he very soon learned what he had to do. I have known him to scramble up his ladder with objects, which, for a rat, must be of considerable weight.

One day I saw him steal a whole red herring. Having tried the best way to carry it, he ultimately picked it up at the right point where it balanced. When he arrived at the round hole which leads to the sleeping compartment of the squirrels' cage, he was pulled up short by the herring, which was crossways in his mouth. I was curious to see what he would do. He dropped the herring and seemed to consider. Having quickly made up his mind, he adopted the following plan: Leaving the herring outside, he went into the hole, and turning short round, seized it by the head and hauled it in with the greatest ease. The muscles about the neck of the rat are very strong, giving him great power to use his wedge-shaped head, whether for boring or carrying. He uses his tail to steer himself, and when climbing, works it as a rope dancer works his balancing pole. The rat is a great stealer of bits of paper, and any loose pieces he can find, he carries away. When the post comes in the morning, therefore, the rat has the envelopes as a perquisite. These he tears into little bits and makes a very comfortable nest with them.—*Frank Buckland.*

HOW AN ALLIGATOR DINES.—An alligator's throat is an animated sewer. Every thing that lodges in his open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and instead of hunting for something to eat, he lets his victims hunt for him. That is, he lies with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the 'possum. Soon a bug crawls into it, then a fly, then several gnats, and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator doesn't close his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of his upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats will light on the frogs. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then all at once there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls, the alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the whole menagerie, and opens his great front door again for more.

FASHION NOTES.

Stripes are very little used and plaids are only in favor for wool dresses.

Thick repped silk or ribbed velvet is used for the wide collars of chemisettes and fichus of tulle, silk, mull and Aurillac lace.

Rococo jewelry is the French fancy. It has garnets and turquoises, with heads of Limoge enamel mounted in antique silver setting.

Black mull dotted and scalloped with red embroidery is a stylish novelty for gypsy kerchiefs that are worn pointed in front and back on the shoulders.

Brocades are by no means abandoned for dinner dresses, but now form the draperies and sleeves with plain satin for the basque and train.

Ivory or cream white lace of large figures, plaited against crimped organdie muslin in two full ruffles, is a new frilling for the neck and sleeves of dresses.

Brick-red and Russia leather shades are in favor for the loose